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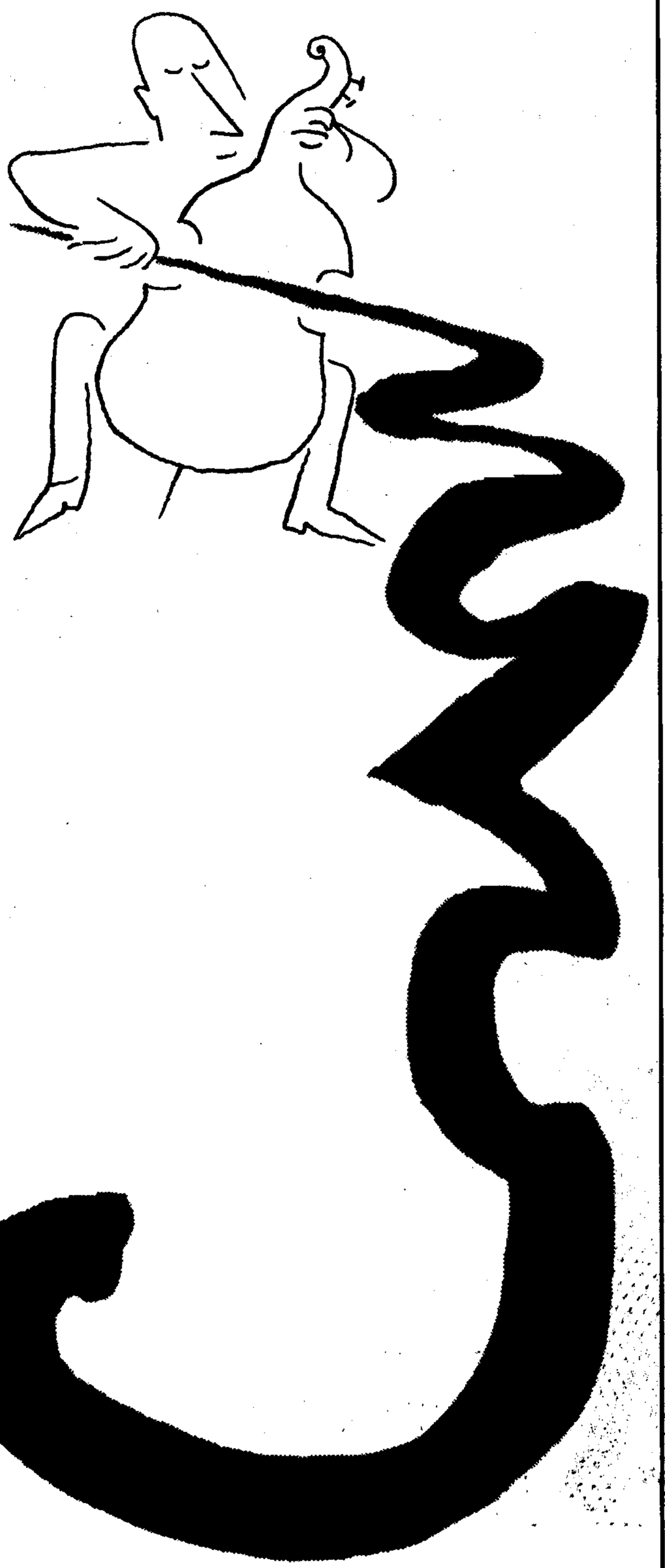

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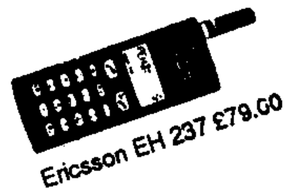

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Commercial Union	6[illegible]	[illegible]	711	563	5.3	21.9	
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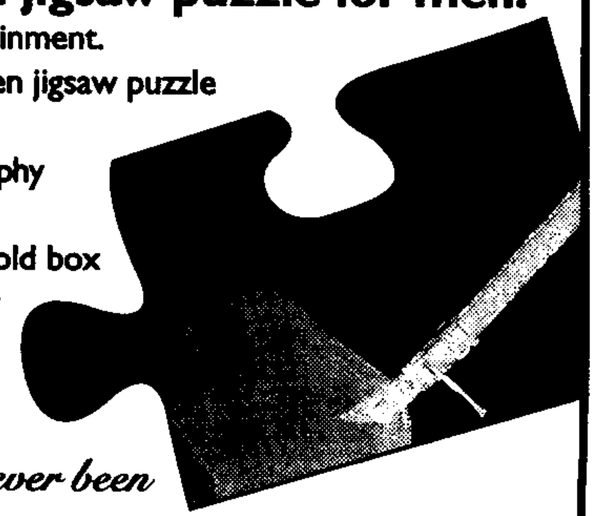

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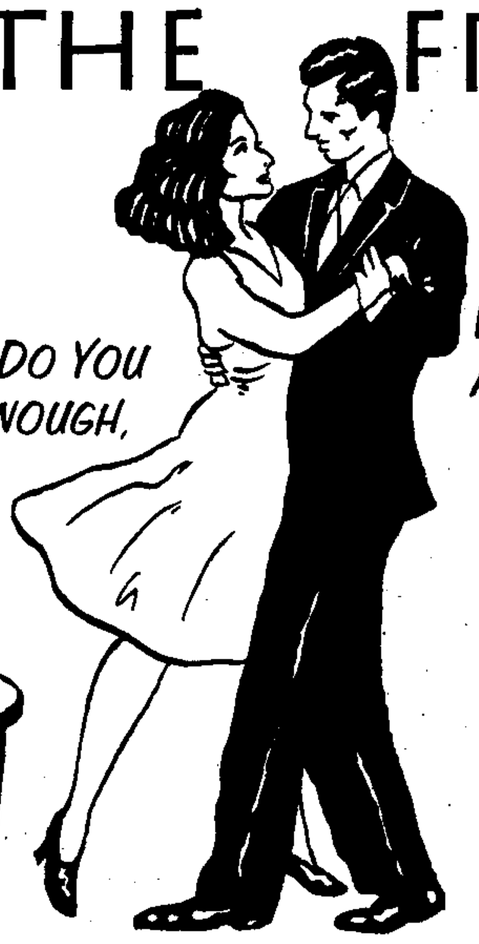

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Magnum

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It is reasonable, sir, that British taxpayers' money is used to fund World Bank/IMF loans to Third World countries.

It is worrying, sir, that these loans involve the imposition of harsh economic measures.

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Gnome

IT SADDENS me greatly to have to say this, but for Mr Blair the honeymoon is over. The scales have tipped. The tide has begun to turn. The writing is on the wall. The bastard is going to win *(shurely 'the bubble has burst'? E. Strobes).*

Whilst my newspapers have been prepared to keep an open mind about Mr Blair and his supposedly "new" Socialist Party, the events of last week have made a reassessment of our position unavoidable.

After a long hard look at Mr Blair and his economic policies, my editors and I have decided (in a joint meeting which they were unable to attend) that the *Daily Gnome, Gnome on Sunday, Gnome of the World, Sunday Gnome, Gnomes of London* and all the other titles would have to take a firm stand against Blair.

We believe that he and his team lack both the vision and the competence to run a market economy successfully in the current circumstances. We are unconvinced by their commitment to contain public expenditure and unimpressed by their proposals for increased training and investment.

This decision has nothing to do with John Prescott's remarks about increasing taxes for the very wealthy. It has nothing to do with Gordon Brown's plans to target the "undeserving rich". It has nothing to do with the rest of the chippy, money-grubbing little lefties trying to get their filthy hands on my unearned money *(shurely 'hard-earned'? E.S.).*

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome

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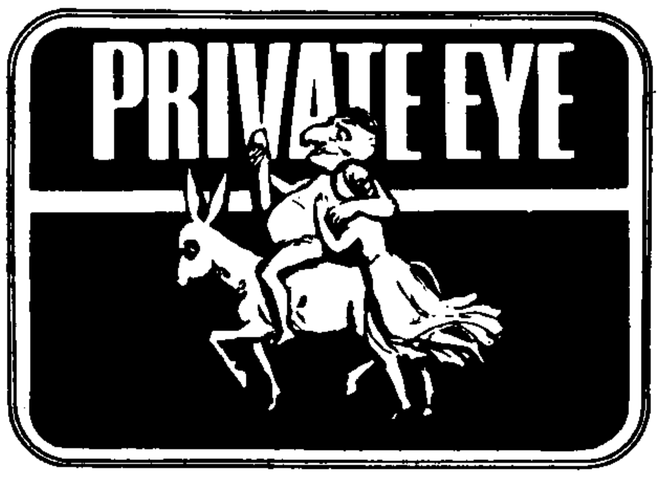


COLOUR SECTION

FERRY STORY

IN A RECKLESS rush of blood at Zeebrugge in March 1987, Margaret Thatcher blurted out the truth.

As journalists jostled her in the chaos following the sinking of the ferry Herald of Free Enterprise, she trumpeted: "It is the fundamental design of the ferry that, I understand, is the problem. That is a factor that will have to be looked at very quickly because public confidence has been severely jolted."

That factor was looked at very quickly indeed — and immediately rejected. Mrs Thatcher's then secretary of state for transport, John Moore, told the Commons three days later: "I have no evidence to support the view that the disaster was due to any fault in the design of the ship."

No evidence? Moore had masses of evidence. Five years earlier another ferry had capsized in a few minutes outside Harwich harbour. Only six people were killed then, so no one bothered very much.

The Royal Institute of Naval Architects held a seminar whose proceedings were not published until 1986. The architects were almost unanimous that the central problem of the ferries was the large undivided car and lorry deck. If water got on to this deck, they observed, it sloshed from one end to the other, causing almost instant instability in the ferry and instant capsize.

Marshall Meek and Ray Adams concluded that "commercial pressures" were stopping shipowners, ferry operators and governments from insisting on compartments on the deck which would prevent or at least postpone capsize. "The question," they asked, "is what happens when a vessel of this kind carrying 1,000 passengers instead of 34, suffers a similar accident?"

A few months later the Herald of Free Enterprise went down with nearly 200 dead, and at once the ferry companies and the department of transport started a "damage limitation" campaign to prevent compulsory compartmentalisation of the car decks. Another public inquiry was set up, run by two barristers paid for by the department of transport. The inquiry made a number of recommendations about doors and lights, but did not insist on any change in the basic design of the ferries.

The Royal Institution of Naval Architects once more denounced the basic design of the ferries as "unacceptably vulnerable" — but no one did anything about it.

Instead bigger and bigger ferries were built on the same deathtrap design. Research into safety was ordered by the transport department, and the two firms commissioned to do the bulk of the work were Three Quays, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Britain's biggest ferry company, P&O, which owned the Herald of Free Enterprise; and Hart Fenton, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Britain's second biggest ferry firm, Sealink. Their research concluded that there was no need whatever to provide bulkheads on the car decks.

In the following years, the government worked closely with the ferry companies to avoid involving them in heavy expense. The press officer for the department of transport, David Deas, became the press officer for P&O. The in-house "business adviser" to the department of trade and industry was Sir Jeffrey Sterling, later Lord Sterling, chairman of P&O.

Now, once again, the same experts (including Marshal Meek) are making the same points about dividing up the car decks. The ferry companies bide their time, cautiously. "Bulkheads," said a British chamber of shipping spokesman on 30 September in a statement of sublime idiocy, "would hamper evacuation". (No passenger is allowed on the car deck once a ferry sets sail, so it is hard to see how bulkheads would hamper evacuation).

On ITN, Trevor Macdonald reassures millions of viewers after the Estonia horror that "tough new measures" on ferry safety are being introduced. These "tough new measures" were also hailed by transport secretary Brian Mawhinney, who leapt on to the air within minutes of the Estonia tragedy to boast that Britain had led the field in ferry safety and the "tough new measures" would be introduced, er, next month.

They are not tough new measures at all. They raise the ferries slightly higher in the water than previously, and they make them marginally more secure against water coming in. But if water does get in, they do absolutely nothing to stop the ferry capsizing within minutes.

The new measures however have knocked out some of the old hulk ferries. These can now be flogged off at a profit in places like the Philippines and Bangladesh, where they regularly capsize, killing thousands of people, without anyone bothering or even noticing.

AUTUMN QUIZ

WHICH British judge said this in open court in 1994?

"It's at times like this that I would like Adolf Hitler to be in power." *(See Footnotes, page 26.)*

HOLIDAYS kept dogging Railtrack during the recent signal workers' dispute.

First chairman Brian Horton and then spokesman David Armstrong had to be dragged back from holidays at crucial times in the dispute. Suntanned and relaxed, they showed up rather poorly against the harassed signal workers.

When the incomprehensible settlement was signed, everybody who wanted to know what it meant contacted the Railtrack press office presided over by the effervescent Lesley Smith, whose enthusiasm for the bosses' case was never for a moment dimmed by her former role as press office to Neil Kinnock's Labour party.

Alas, Lesley was not there, she was on holiday. There was nothing for it but to contact the department of transport where chief press officer Martin Helm can usually help out. Not this time. Martin was on holiday, too.

● *Hallo to Major Hewitt!* 7

Street of Shame

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

EVENTS in Ulster have proved challenging for the *Sun* and *Daily Star* who send separate editions to the two parts of Ireland and where crude hypocrisy knows no bounds in the battle for readers.

Thus *Sun* readers in Ulster were offered a front page blast at the "scandal" of IRA bombers' "love trips", followed by headlines inside like FURY AS IRISH PM MEETS GERRY ADAMS and PALS WITH MURDERERS, together with the very original suggestion that the IRA "are lucky they're not hanging from a rope".

Readers of the *Sun*'s southern Irish edition, however, were greeted by the headline HANDSHAKE OF HOPE followed by a torrent of praise for the historic encounter between Gerry Adams and the other two who don't look so good on television.

Similarly the *Daily Star*'s Irish Republic edition carried massive colour photos and approving copy of Adams's state visit, which was slightly at odds with the headline CAN MAD DOGS BE CURBED? This was substituted in the *Star*'s Ulster edition which, funnily enough, is printed in Dublin alongside its greener counterpart.

Pass the Semtex, Alice.

YOB CULTURE'S loudest critic, the *Daily Mail*, has set out its objections to violence in more leader columns than anyone cares to remember.

"Does anyone in authority truly understand the anguish felt by the victims of crime?" was one *Mail* plea for commonsense. "We need to punish criminals, not indulge them," was part of another tirade designed to make middle-Englanders' blood boil.

Astonishing, then, to find the *Mail* inciting the very behaviour its editorials abhor. In an article by its yobbo-in-chief Geoffrey Wheatcroft, readers were asked: "Wouldn't you like to biff Stephen Fry?". It went on: "Why is it that Stephen Fry is so eminently whackable, smackable, kickable, flickable?"

The answer appears to be that Fry is one of those wealthy socialist types who all deserve a good kicking. And the *Mail*'s cultured, anti-violence readers were then invited to write in and say whom they would most like to wallop and why.

Those same readers — obviously the antithesis of lager-swilling yobs — could either win a "blow-up and biff Stephen Fry dummy or a case of Heineken export" for their trouble.

DAVID "Rommel" Montgomery, chief executive of Mirror Group Newspapers, does not just make the lives of hacks a misery — he's found time to annoy the building trade, too.

The Northern Joinery Company, Liverpool, kitted out Montgomery's home in London's Paddington nearly a decade ago when Rommel was editing the *News of the Screws*. But the firm is still waiting for the would-be media tycoon to hand over the thousands of pounds he owes for the work.

The company has had to close after ammassing debts of £10,000 paying for solicitors and arbitrators in its attempt to extract the money. The delay has been prolonged over the years at least partly because Rommel never bothers to turn up for court appearances.

In the latest round, the builder received a letter from Rommel's solicitor saying the great Ulsterman wanted to settle. But when a reply was sent days later, it was returned to the builder with "not known at this address" written on the envelope. What hope for a bankrupt builder who can't even track down Rommel's solicitor, let alone the man himself?

HUGH JOHNSON (*Eyes* 852 and 853) is not the only eminent wine writer whose literary and commercial interests have happened to coincide.

Another is Serena Sutcliffe, director of Sotheby's wine department, who has just been appointed chairman of the Institute of Masters of Wine. The institute's code of conduct requires its members to behave according to the highest standards of professional practice.

Before she took up her post at Sotheby's, Sutcliffe — known in the trade as "La Serenissima" — successfully combined the directorship of a wine brokerage business with the authorship of books on Burgundy and Champagne and articles for wine magazines such as *Decanter*. In 1988 the conflict of these two interests was made public by the wine writer Andrew Barr in his book *Wine Snobbery*, in which he described Sutcliffe as "dishonest" and "cynical". Sutcliffe promptly sued Barr and his publishers, Faber & Faber, for libel.

In her action, La Serenissima made no attempt to deny that she had written favourably about wines in which she had a commercial interest without declaring that interest. She insisted, however, that she recommended the wines because she liked them, not because she wanted to sell them. She also claimed this was perfectly normal practice: it was pursued by several other wine writers, including Hugh Johnson. Claiming that she had been singled out for reasons of malice, Sutcliffe demanded that the passage about her in *Wine Snobbery* be expunged.

The case never came to trial. In 1991 Sutcliffe abandoned her action in return for payment of a nominal sum of money and a proportion of her costs — but without receiving an apology. Shortly after the case was settled, she was signed up to run Sotheby's wine department.

IN HIS "Atticus" column last week, the *Sunday Times*'s talented new reporter Taki poured scorn on the *Daily Mail*'s suggestion that the Duke and Duchess of York might get back together. "All the *Mail* had to do," he advised, "is check with its in-house gossip, the great Dempster, who knows what's going on."

One wonders how Dumpster will react to this unmerited flattery. For during their annual all-boys-together holiday in Gstaad two weeks ago, Nigel and Taki had a tremendous falling-out. The cause of the row remains a mystery, but Dumpster returned vowing he never wanted to see or speak to the poor little Greek boy again. Presumably Taki's comment last weekend was an attempt to win back his affections.

It may backfire, however. For, as Dumpster is only too well aware, the suggestion that he "knows what's going on" in the Yorks' marriage is laughably untrue. In March 1992, when he heard that his paper intended to run a story by Richard Kay and Andrew Morton revealing that Fergie and Andy were about to part, Dumpster strongly urged his then editor, Sir David English, not to run it.

The marriage was fine, he declared; if a separation really was looming, he would surely have heard about it. Fester duly held the article over while further checks were made, but then printed it. An indignant Dumpster continued to insist that it was nonsense. Alas! Just 24 hours later the palace announced the official separation of the Duke and Duchess of York, and "the great Dempster" was left looking like a prize nincompoop.

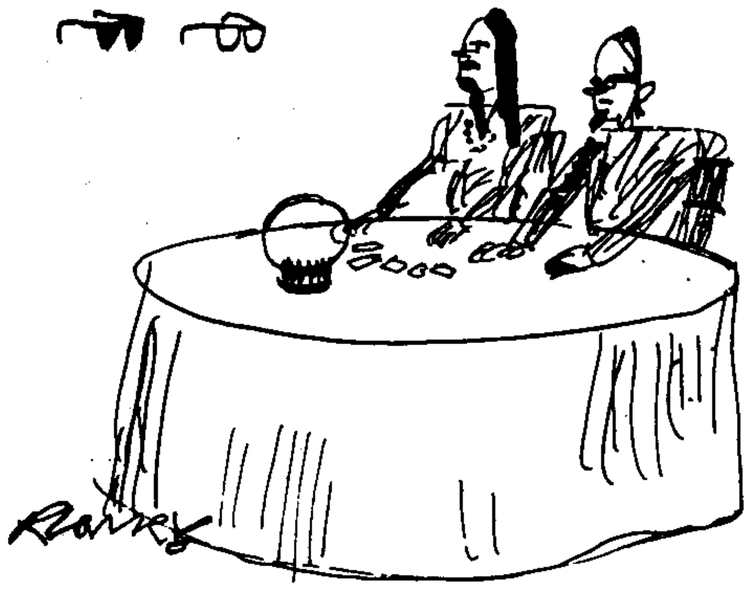
THE ever generous *Sun* is offering readers a grand competition entitled "£50,000 a year for life". But how generous is it?

To make sure the competition is fair, the rag included a list of rules, one of which said: "Entrants... must not give any indication of their age anywhere."

This proviso was to ensure impartiality. With no ages included, the *Sun* could never be accused of choosing a "cheap" winner — an octogenarian, say, who was on his or her last legs and about to peg out.

But the newspaper forgot this commitment to fair play when it included a date of birth box on the entry form. And when tackled about this, the *Sun*'s marketing department confirmed that the rules, not the entry form, had been wrongly printed and a date of birth *was* required to enter.

Could it be that forms of entrants under 50 will be mysteriously lost in the post? Perish the thought.



"How can we be sure that you're Roy Orbison and Buddy Holly?"

THE NEW standards at the *Daily Mirror* were on glorious display on 12 August in a huge television spread about West Ham footballer Lee Chapman and his daughter Tiffany who plays Rachel Jordache in *Brookside*.

Whoops! This was not Lee Chapman at all, who is hardly old enough to have a grown-up daughter. The true father is *Les* Chapman, a former football manager.

This amazing gaffe caused some distress to Lee Chapman, who is suing; to Les Chapman, who complained; and to full-time TV writer Chris Hughes whose name was put on the piece even though he didn't write it.

THE rivalry of Simon Heffer, the *Daily Telegraph*'s deputy editor (comment), and Veronica "I'm the deputy editor without brackets" Wadley, continues to generate acrimony at Canada House.

The latest victim is Nigel Reynolds, former arts editor and, for a whole 10 minutes, Wadley's replace-ment as features editor. He has now resigned, however, because he is unable to tolerate Wadley as his overseer — "I've been Wadleyed", he tells all and sundry.

Champions of Wadley say Reynolds was moved in order to extricate him from an awkward personal situation involving a female staff member, while Reynolds's friends say Wadley forced the move on him as an assertion of her power as a counter to Heffer.

Meanwhile Heffer has been held responsible by everyone at the *Torygraph* for directly inspiring an article by *Evening Standard* media commentator Stephen Glover, about his frustration at not being more closely involved in the paper's news and features pages.

Heffer's case was not helped by the fact that he initially admitted an involvement in the article then subsequently denied it. He was even carpeted over this by *Torygraph* proprietor Conrad Black, his political mentor. Nor is this the only matter that has caused his judgement to be called into question. Back in July, when allegations arose about Jeffrey Archer's dealing in Anglia shares, Heffer wrote an embarrassingly indignant apology for his friend Archer.

However, Heffer has scored a minor victory in his campaign to win absolute power by provoking *Torygraph* leader writer George Walden, the Tory MP for Buckingham, whom he calls "The Antichrist", to leave the paper.

EARLIER this year the *Sunday Times* sacked sports editor Chris Nawarat and deputy editor Steve Hutchins for ripping off the paper.

Nawarat and Hutchins had been commissioned to produce a *Sunday Times* book about football and were paid an advance which was intended to cover payments to contributors. But instead of paying contributors with the money, they paid them in greenslips — ie fees for lineage and sports obits for the paper — while retaining the full advance for themselves.

Ironically, Nawarat's successor as sports editor, Nick Pitt, is being obliged to promote *The Football Chronicle* in his pages because it remains a *Sunday Times* publication.

HALLO! MAJOR James Hewitt should be hanged for treason — and so should his ghostwriter, the scribbling doxy Anna Pasternak.

The Marquesa is delighted to be able to reveal that the tryst between the major and his muse, a one-time tittle tattle merchant at the *Daily Express*, is now over.

For Anna, who for some reason was known at university as "pistol knickers", this is the second time she has been on intimate terms with an interviewee. She also had carnal knowledge of James Palumbo before falling out with him too. But that, as they say, is another story.

As for Hewitt, Anna and he were banged up for several weeks in a twee country cottage to "write" his book. All went swimmingly until handsome James suddenly got cold feet over certain "revelations", and the wretched Anna has been bleating ever since that "he didn't come across with the goods".

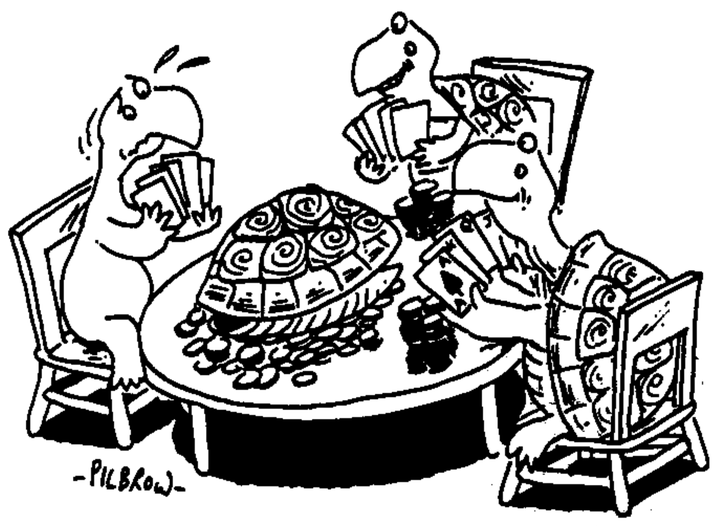
The book can't possibly be any good as it has left out the one truly exciting revelation — that the "major", according to a former fellow cavalry officer, "was hung like an orangutan". Poor Diana!

HALLO! ONE of the Marquesa's army of readers has been *very* naughty! No sooner had Hallo! revealed that Princess Diana was to open the new Frederick Andrews ward at Bart's hospital, than someone went and told the health secretary Virginia Bottomley.

Fragrant Mrs Bottomley is *terribly* cross at the embarrassment that will be caused when the princess opens a ward in a blaze of publicity just before the government closes it again.

Bart's is also pretty cross and has launched an inquiry to find out who could have been so "irresponsible and disloyal" as to talk publicly about the visit. One innocent member of the hospital's board of management is under suspicion simply because he is a socialist worker (whatever that is!) And the finger of blame has also been pointed at one of the hospital's consultants, Jane Anderson, wife of TV's Clive, who is equally innocent.

"It is imperative that we establish who leaked this sensitive information," insists Bart's in the latest diatribe to senior management. The Marquesa offers the usual 500 pesetas to anyone who can assist this important investigation.



HALLO! *TO FRANCE, where social security secretary Peter Lilley is taking a well-earned break from cracking down on "homeless" beggars and benefit scroungers to landscape his holiday "chateau" in the charming hamlet of Ashlemond, near Dieppe.*

Looking relaxed and boyish in Versace casuals and Gucci loafers, Peter is adding an amusing "Essex-style" patio to his home, and the work is being done by a gang of enthusiastic youths led by an enterprising English lass.

With his piercing blue eyes he looks a worthy adversary for the sly beggars and "unemployed" types back home who in reality earn huge sums of money but don't pay tax on it because they are paid out of "petty cash"!

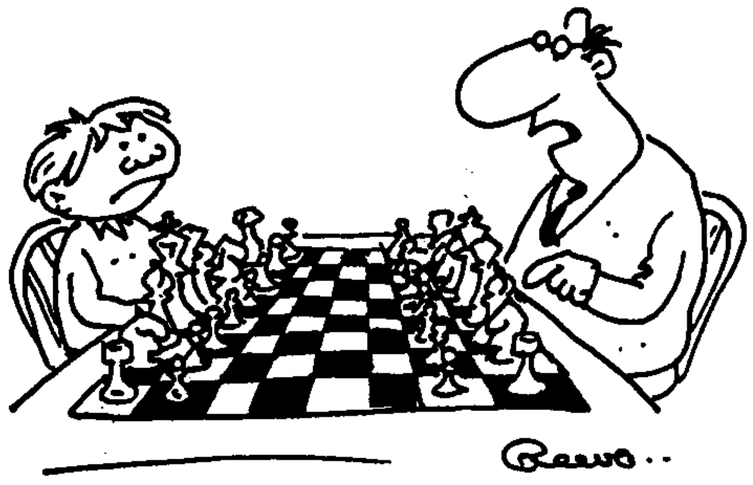
Despite the reputation for toughness, however, the Marquesa notes a compassionate side to the social security secretary which modesty dictates he cannot allow the public to see. When he thinks I am not looking, Peter pays his landscape girl and her team in rolls of fresh francs — still warm as they come from his very own back pocket!

HALLO! WHAT a mess ageing Tory grandee Sir Charles Irving has got into. Though poorly, he reassures the Marquesa that he does not have that beastly homosexual disease that we Tories find so unsympathetic, and flies from his *pied à terre* in exotic Tangier to talk to the police in Cheltenham who have arrested his doctor, fellow Tory Dr Clive Froggatt, for supposedly writing lots of "chits" for heroin.

Dr Froggatt — whom we had all supposed would take over as MP when the sensitive Sir Charles retired in 1992 — is deeply brilliant. So the Marquesa is confused to learn that the alleged prescriptions were for patients who were already dead!

No doubt this unfortunate business will be cleared up soon with Sir Charles's help. He quietly tells the local constabulary that Dr Froggatt, who has done so much to reform the NHS, was giving him all this "stuff" to help him cope with leukaemia.

A sorry tale all round.



"And bishops can go both ways, as long as they keep quiet about it"

HALLO! *NEWS arrives of Diana's brother, Earl Spencer. He is not, it emerges, a humourless upper class twit.*

Charlie has always suffered envy for his good looks, sharp wit and £80 million inheritance. But proof of his sense of fun came at his 30th birthday earlier this summer.

On his birthday cake, etched in coloured icing, was the witty legend: RAINE STOPPED PLAY.

"They're very Moorish, aren't they?"

HALLO! **POOR Jeffrey Archer! As if he hadn't enough worries, what with gutter newspapers such as the *Financial Times* and *Private Eye* asking impertinent questions about his wealth-creation techniques, he now has a new problem on his hands in the shape of Mr Michael Stacpoole.**

Stacpoole was the man who, on Jeffrey's behalf, went to Victoria station and handed over £2,000 in £50 notes to a prostitute named Monica Coghlan. As we all know, Jeffrey had never met the woman; his donation was merely one of those many selfless acts of charity which have made him such a universally loved figure.

Stacpoole has not hitherto treated us to his version of events. "I'm being well paid," he told reporters at the time, "and all my expenses are being covered." But it now seems that his funds may be running low, for he has been doing the rounds of Fleet Street offering to "tell all" in return for £100,000.

Thankfully no newspaper is willing to buy his story. And why should they? Jeffrey has already given a full and honest explanation of his behaviour, in the witness box at the high court seven years ago. How could Stacpoole possibly improve upon the master storyteller's own account?

HALLO! *I GRACIOUSLY attend my first Labour Party conference, where the handsome Mr Blair assures me that Marquesas have* nothing *to fear from a Labour government.*

At Blackpool's eve of conference reception, a speaker reassures us that Labour is no longer concerned with "trivial issues like Salman Rushdie". How we all laughed!

And, at a cocktail party for women delegates, MP Margaret Hodge confides that glamorous women are queuing up to benefit from Labour's new women-only shortlists. Names on people's lips include fashion expert Barbara Follett, GLC women's chair Valerie Wise and journalist Nigella Lawson.

Can it all be true? I might even go for a Labour seat myself. Olé!

The Marquesa

APPEAL

THE British Council spends a lot of taxpayers' money going round the world boosting Britain and British values — notably the principles of free speech and fair play for which Britain is renowned.

The council also runs the British Institute for Young Learners, a course which teaches English to young Spaniards in Madrid. One of its most experienced and respected teachers is Tony McGinty, who read in *Eye* 854 about the use of Halon, a fire-extinguishing agent, in the Channel tunnel. Observing that Halon was used in the Young Learners' Centre building in Madrid, he posted the article up without comment on the noticeboard.

The direct teaching operations manager, Christopher Dove, tore the article down, warned Mr McGinty of disciplinary proceedings and on 26 September sacked him.

The British Council huffs and puffs that Halon "is appropriate for the premises and meets and legal requirements." Yes, no doubt. But why did the council sack an experienced teacher for posting an article on a noticeboard? No reply.

Puzzled *Eye* readers can write to the British Council director general, free speech enthusiast John Hanson, at 10 Spring Gardens, London SW1.

NIMBY SPECIAL

TORY MP Rupert Allason, aka spy-writer Nigel West, is well known for his erratic behaviour — he had the party whip withdrawn last year after missing a crucial parliamentary vote — but his latest antics are, even by his own high standards, pretty bizarre.

Allason, who represents the Devon constituency of Torbay, demanded an apology from the *Observer* last month after it had claimed he was making Nimby-style objections to a small housing development in the Berkshire village of Aldworth, where he has a weekend cottage.

The *Observer* cravenly complied, reassuring its readers the MP had not made "a planning objection to the development" and that, since the proposed new houses were not "next to Mr Allason's home in the village", it was unfair to accuse him of Nimbyism.

Allason later made similar threats against a local paper which repeated the allegation that he was objecting to the new cottages. But quite why he is so desperate to issue these denials is a mystery: Allason has indeed been lobbying energetically against the development, which is intended to provide low-cost housing for the villagers and has the support of most other residents of Aldworth.

A petition in favour of the scheme attracted 110 signatures, while a petition registering "our strong objection to the proposed construction of any housing on the land at the Glebe, Aldworth" was signed by just 12 people — including Mr and Mrs Rupert Allason. Two other objectors, Mr and Mrs Baker, work for Allason.

The accusation of Nimbyism is also perfectly true. Although the *Observer*'s apology pointed out that the housing scheme is not next to his home, it neglected to add that the site is next to a field which he owns at the back of the house. And one of his reasons for objecting to the development, as he has privately admitted, is that it "would be visible... from Croftdown" — ie, his house.

Allason's other arguments against the scheme seem to be largely spurious. He claims it will block off an essential "right of way" to the field, which is used for grazing cattle. In fact, there is no such right of way, as an exhaustive search by the local council has confirmed. Besides, there are two other entrances to the field which will be unaffected by the new scheme, so any suggestion that he will somehow be prevented from moving the cattle is hogwash. He has also declared that the development cannot be legal because the land is in "the green belt" — which it isn't.

Allason's chief target in his mad campaign is the Rural Housing Trust, which is behind the proposed development. Not content with firing off letters to the trust's chairman, former Tory politician Lord Prior, he has also raised the matter in the House — without declaring his interest. In a parliamentary question on 20 July, he asked the environment secretary "what measures are taken to ensure that the Rural Housing Trust accounts for public funds received by the trust from the Housing Corporation".

Tackled about this by the *Observer*, Allason indignantly denied that he was pursuing his own interests. "This is nothing to do with me," he told *Observer* hack Michael Durham. "I asked the parliamentary question about the Rural Housing Trust at the request of somebody else who told me that they had heard the trust was in financial trouble. That is an entirely legitimate use of a parliamentary question and is of great concern to my constituents... The Rural Housing Trust is quite important in Devon. It is none of your business who the question was for. I personally do not have any dispute with the trust."

Like so many of Allason's statements during this affair, it was untrue. The trust is not "quite important" in Devon; in fact, it has never done any work at all in Allason's constituency. Perhaps the select committee on members' interests might care to investigate.

It should be warned, however, that Allason and his "minders" are trying hard to deter further inquiries — not only by threats of litigation but also by blunter methods. When *Observer* photographer David Mansell went to Aldworth to take a picture of Allason's house, one of the MP's employees came steaming down the drive and shouted abuse at him. The man's wife then appeared and — with cries of "Take his film!" — began violently shoving Mansell. She was later cautioned by the police, while the photographer retired to the pub — where he was lionised by locals who heartily despise Allason.

TORY MP David Tredinnick, who was tricked by a Sunday newspaper into agreeing to ask a question in the House of Commons in return for a £1,000 bung, seems less inclined to ask questions on behalf of non-paying constituents.

Mr Shirl Farmer, who owns a furnishing store in Earl Shilton, Leicestershire, was furious when plans were passed by the local council which would cut off access to his warehouse. He was especially angry that his objections were not even submitted to the planning committee, and when his business was severely damaged he wrote to his MP, Mr Tredinnick, asking him to look into the matter.

Mr Farmer, though supported by the Chamber of Trade and the National Association of Shopkeepers, has yet to receive even a reply from the industrious Mr Tredinnick.

Not to be put off, he then wrote to Tory chief whip Richard Ryder and suggested that, according to performance related pay, Mr Tredinnick should have his salary docked for refusing to help an ailing constituent.

GWILYM JONES, John Redwood's new boy at the Welsh office, caused much mirth when he decided to join the anti-yob crusade.

The diminutive Tory under-secretary told his local party that courts show "too much interest in pre-sentence reports and too much interest in arranging safari holidays and visits to holiday camps and too much concern for the criminal".

Nothing odd about that soundbite, you may say; but it had them rolling in the aisles in his Cardiff North constituency where some remember the MP's own youthful exploits.

As a 13-year-old schoolboy, the Welsh press has gleefully pointed out, Gwilym was a bit of a yob himself, it seems, and was convicted of setting fire to a school classroom! Magistrates took a lenient view, however, and put him on probation for two years, no doubt dismissing his behaviour as "exuberance".

"My cornflakes have gone soft"

THE fine tradition of dim incompetence is being maintained at Conservative central office's youth department by Andrew Reid, spineless chairman of Conservative Students.

Party bosses have forced Reid to withdraw publicity on the grounds that it was too obscene for general distribution — quite an achievement on Reid's part given the desperately sad nature of past Tory Students publicity (see the naked bimbo picture and slogan: "Life's better under the Conservatives" in *Eye* 845).

The offending material this time? A copy of Labour's floral logo alongside the clever legend: "Roses only grow in shit."

THE NEWS of disastrous drops in Tory party membership has been handsomely confirmed by internal documents passed to the *Eye* from the South Staffs Conservative Association.

At a meeting of the executive in April the chairman reported a catastrophic decline of 400 members. Seriously concerned about plummeting membership, the association had sought a meeting with the chairman of the party, then Sir Norman Fowler.

After a month's anxious waiting, there was no reply so the chairman wrote again saying he had no alternative but to let the matter "lie on the table". The chairman said he "had made known his disquiet to a number of well-placed people within the party".

BRITAIN's "special relationship" with the United States has been further cemented by the department for education.

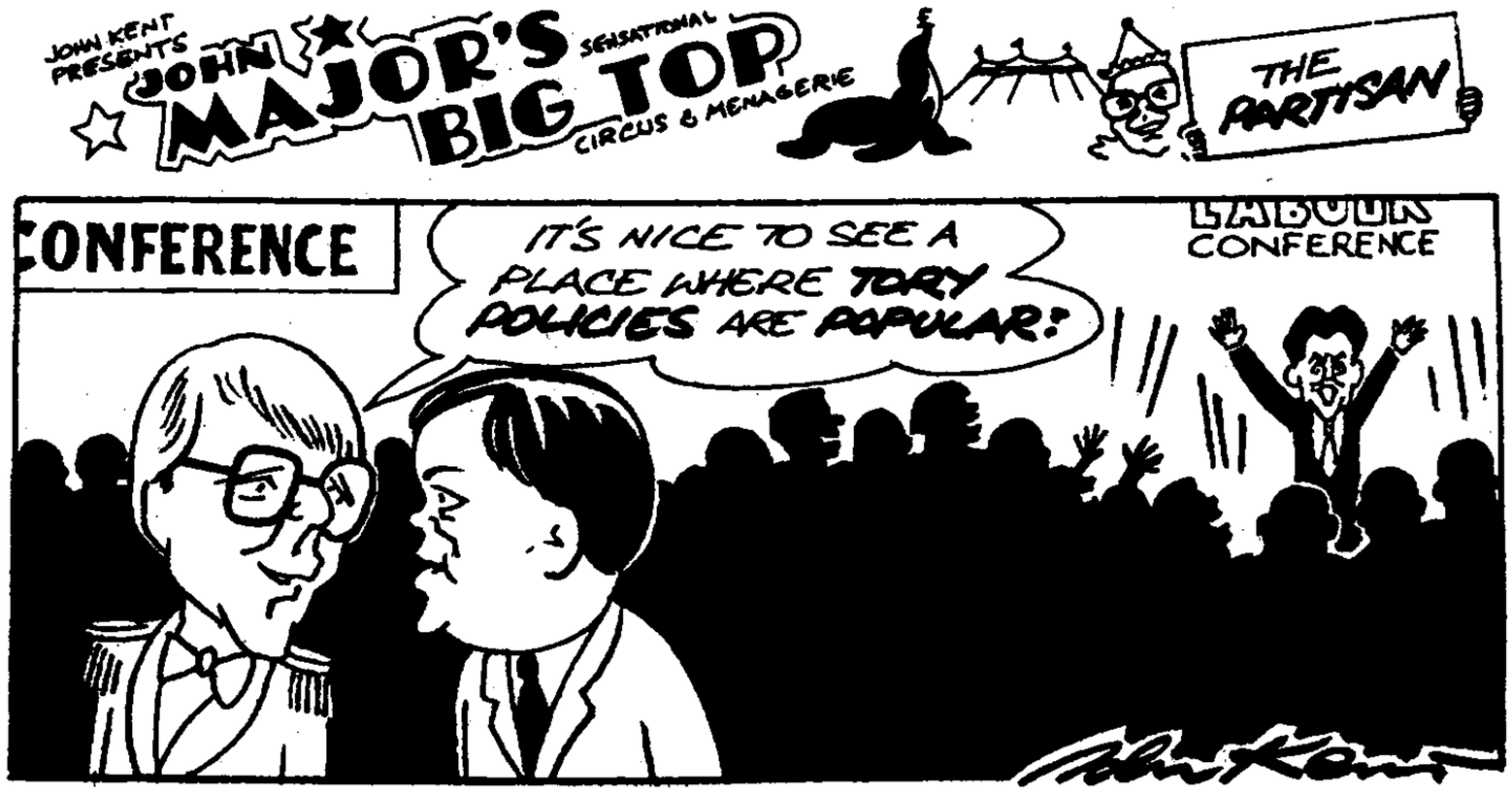
When it gave £4.5 million to the National Council for Educational Technology, the government quango spent the money on CD ROM systems and software for primary schools.

As the system is in its infancy in Britain and few programmes address the needs of the much vaunted national curriculum, the NCE simply bought American *programs*, as they are called, which are all written in American English.

As if British pupils didn't have enough trouble learning to read and write, schools minister Eric Forth is not at all bothered that children will now learn about *color* and *humor*. As he told delegates at the Church House Conference Centre, pupils should have no problem with American English as they already watch so much telly and video from across the pond.

But hang on a minute. Is this man from the same party that bores the country silly with its crusade for "proper" English. Er, yes. And does it matter that the US *programs* are not even written to complement the national curriculum? Er, no.

'Backbiter'

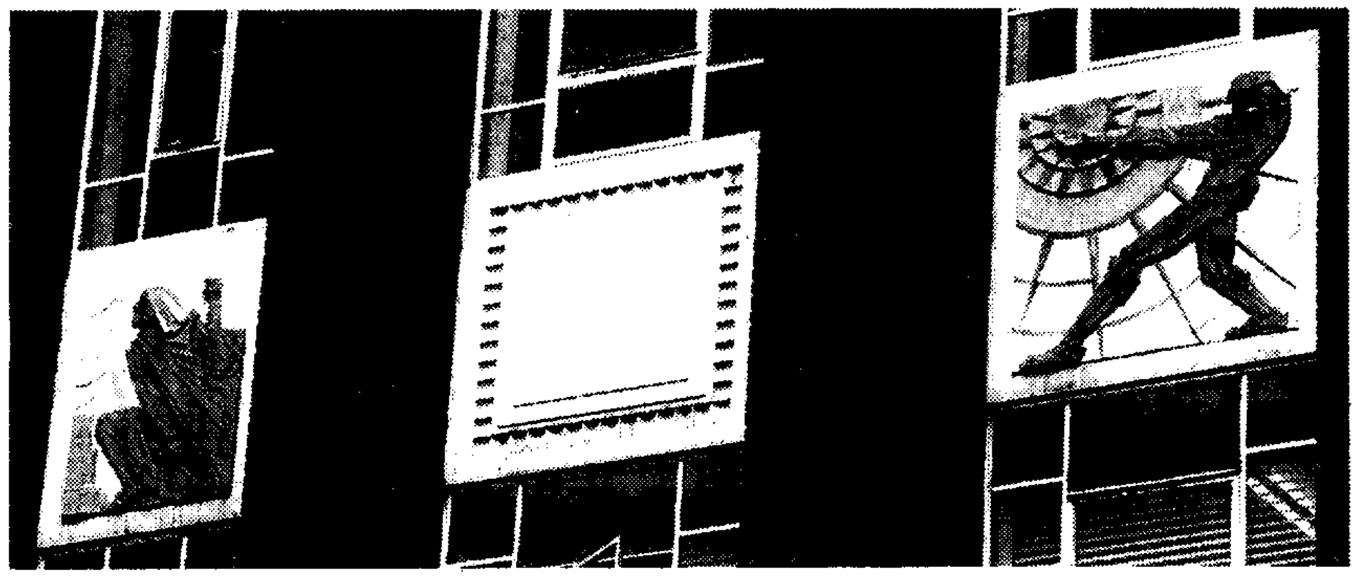


NOOKS and CORNERS

ANDREW'S HOUSE in Gallowcate in Newcastle-upon-Tyne is a decent and characteristic commercial building of the 1930s. It was designed in 1933 in a modernistic classical style by R. Norman MacKellar of the important Newcastle practice Cackett, Burns Dick & MacKellar.

Built of brick and stone, the facade has striking decorative panels in cast iron in the Art Deco manner. Andrew's House and the contiguous Magnet House are listed, Grade II.

So far, so good. But, unfortunately, Andrew's House has been acquired by the Equitable Life assurance society, which wishes to clear the whole site and redevelop. To this end, the company has commissioned a report from the Anthony Blee Consultancy.



Mr Anthony "Twee" Blee is well known to readers of this column. Once a partner of Sir Basil Spence, he has degenerated into becoming the natural successor to Sir Hugh Casson as a professional rubbisher of historic buildings. In this case, Mr Blee's task is to demonstrate that "the building is unworthy of listing. The listing was not justified in the first place. Consent to demolish should be granted." I quote from the handsome brochure published by Equitable Life.

Blee has to admit that, "clearly the building has been constructed in a robust manner and would survive for a long time". His purpose, therefore, is to suggest that Andrew's House is a poor example of the work of the Cackett, Burns Dick & MacKellar partnership and that it "pales into insignificance by national standards... and may be seen to be 20 years out-of-date." So what? If modernity alone is to justify listings, then that is rather bad news for most historic buildings outside London were Blee to have his way; fortunately it is left to others to make decisions about listability.

In his attempt to disparage poor MacKellar's design, Blee claims of the practice's work "that it was Burns Dick that really gave it the C20 stamp of notoriety and real achievement" — *sic*: for such command of language and style are the honeyed words of Mr Blee worth every penny in fees.

He (or his busy researchers) go on to state: "MacKellar seems to have espoused a somewhat watered-down version of Burns Dick's style, being equally influenced by the more visionary work of Burnet, Tate [misspelt] and Lorne... The vigorous qualities of the very best British work of the interwar years are wanting, perhaps due to his limited talent or to an uninspiring clientelle" [*sic* — and what is wrong with the word "client"?].

Need I go on? In the end of course all this is just a matter of opinion. Blee claims MacKellar's composition "can be seen to be classically derived but inelegantly accomplished." I disagree, and I might well say that Mr Blee's own derivative work is "inelegantly accomplished".

I certainly do say that of the scheme by Messrs Hasler Farthing to redevelop the site. Instead of MacKellar's decent and orderly facade, this firm proposes a farrago of drivelling post-modern clichés. For some reason, the proposed new facade is concave, although Blee condemns the very slight concave curvature of the existing facade as an "inexplicable and barely discernible device". Subtlety is not to Blee's taste, I suppose.

With his years of experience as a (paid) "expert witness" at public inquiries, Blee affects deep knowledge of planning law and precedents. He maintains that the case of My Lord Palumbo's permitted destruction of listed buildings in Poultry in the City of London "shows that the quality of the design of the replacement building can be a material consideration". In fact, successive secretaries of state have insisted that letting Palumbo get his own way is a special case, but even if it were not, can Hasler Farthing's replacement design possibly be considered to be of transcendent quality?

I trust Newcastle-upon-Tyne's planning committee will treat Mr Blee's report with the respect it deserves, and follow English Heritage's advice that MacKellar's facade can and should be retained while the rest of the site is redeveloped.

INVERARAY Castle is the seat of the Dukes of Argyll. Maltland Square, the stables, is hidden away in the centre of the estate. Designed by Robert Mylne and built in the 1780s, these now derelict stables are listed.

The trustees of the 10th Duke of Argyll want to demolish them rather than allow anyone to repair and use the buildings. Despite contrary recommendations from officers, Argyll and Bute planning committee has recently changed its mind and given listed building consent for demolition.

This is because Historic Scotland has granted permission to the duke's trustees to demolish the contiguous Jubilee Hall, a rebuilding of 1897 of Mylne's riding school which, although derelict, is still roofed and could be converted into a museum or art gallery. This inexplicable decision will set an unfortunate precedent and runs contrary to all government guidelines on listed buildings. Would Historic Scotland's commissioners, I wonder, have been so obliging if the applicant had not been the trustees of His Grace the 10th Duke of Argyll?

'Piloti'

Pseuds Corner

With biblical resonance a juvenile delinquent declares: *I pour the goldfish down the bog. I pull the chain/I see that it is good.* Though "Valentine" begins as lyrically as any love poem, it ends with a threat.

New fruits sing on the flipside of night in a market/of language writes [Carol Ann] Duffy in "Away and See". It is these word-fruits which she reaches for now.

RACHEL CAMPBELL-JOHNSTON
The Times

[Tom] Paulin distrusts sweet talk and smooth poems (dismissed as "square ducks", tucked away "safely" at the bottom of newspaper columns), and sticks to his guns as a bee-in-his-bonnet vernacularist. He likes a tough, low-falutin' edge to his verse. He especially favours adjectives with not Y-fronts but Y-backs: halfjoky, doggy, saggy, kitschy, floppy, sticky, jaggery, gizzly, batty, clacky, clattery, pooly, pitchy, resiny, saggy, skittery. The effect can be as jagged as "splittery/splattery/all over the scrake" or as delicate as the description of sparrowgrass as "soft flumy/a feathery delicacy" or the "fluttery suthery silence" after the death of a very small nation. In one poem he talks of being worried by his own language "where each word/strains to utter itself/like a mallety wooden turd". But if he's worried, as he always has been, he now savours the worry and the turd.

HUGH HAUGHTON
Independent on Sunday

In Adam Phillips's first collection of occasional pieces, book reviews and lectures (*On Kissing, Tickling and Being Bored*), he presented some profound and original truths couched in canny prose notable for its circumambulation, tergiversation and wilful flirting with the sensibilities of the reader. Phillips also launched himself as a master of the modern apothegm.

WILL SELF
Independent On Sunday

Megrim

Corners of the linden yellow like grapes...
back in July leaves blew. Rain wounds the window,
preoccupies the drainpipes, nourishes —
after a seemly interval — the mould spots
in the cornices. Stray nooses of wistaria
toss purposefully, aimlessly, who can say.

MICHAEL HOFMANN
Times Literary Supplement

"I was born and brought up in Leeds," writes (Alan) Bennett, "where my father was a butcher." "Butcher" contrasts sharply with the "writer" that Bennett became, and the hard monosyllable of "Leeds" signals something bleak, underprivileged and gritty to a metropolitan audience, a bleakness that goes with the cultivated flatness of the sentence.

BRYAN APPLEYARD
Independent

But for better or worse, and as his new book makes plain, [Stanley] Cavell feels at home in this rococo manner of writing: it is the mark of his philosophical *voice*, a signature as idiosyncratic and arresting as Duke Ellington's indigo sonorities, or Max Ophül's lavish use of tracking shots.

JAMES MILLER
London Review of Books

CONTRIBUTORS: J. Milton, J. Bacon, A. Quick, B. Richards, T. Willis, D. Jones.

£10 paid for entries

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes

Mary had a little lamb,
She kept it in the bank.
In embalméd darkness,
Pickled in a tank.

TV

Heartbreak High (BBC2)
You're Booked (LWT)

A DECADE ago it was common to predict that British television would soon be stuffed with (and by) crappy American imports. It was feared that this trend would even stretch to BBC2.

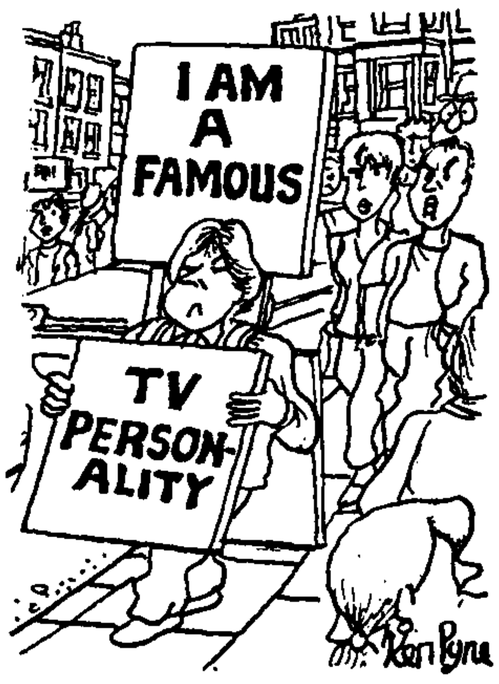
But these pessimistic predictions turned out to be wrong. An unexpected quantity of the imported rubbish now comes from Australia, which currently rivals America as a producer of dreck television for impoverished controllers overseas. And — though the purchase of *Neighbours* was, at the time, thought daringly downmarket even for BBC1 — **Heartbreak High**, a raunchier horse from the *Neighbours* stable, now turns up with scarcely a murmur on BBC2.

Set in an inner-city comprehensive in Sydney, *Heartbreak High* is a kind of *Grunge Hill*: a school drama with attitude. The great attraction of school-based drama to writers is that the pesky expository episode — in which the characters are introduced — can be achieved with relatively little contrivance. The arrival of new and naive characters — new pupils and teachers at the start of term — is a fact of life rather than a contrivance. Even long speeches about who is who and where everything is kept can pass as realism.

Heartbreak High began with the arrival of Christine Milano (Sarah Lambert), English and history teacher to a group of red-blooded Australian surfies and their towel-warmers. Timid and earnest, she is unable to keep order in a classroom rife with racial and sexual abuse and violence. The Australian producers' excuse for making the series — and BBC2's for buying it — is that the show "deals with the issues" of racism, sex and violence. This, though, is only true in the sense that *Die Hard* deals with the issue of violence or *Swedish Girls Are Hot For It* deals with the issue of racism.

A fleeting PC moral about everybody getting along together is tacked on at the end of the episode, but *Heartbreak High* is about as educational as *Grease*. Claiming to preach racial harmony, it in fact depicts classic racial division: the sons of Italian and Vietnamese immigrants get along together, but both are disliked by the convict-stock Aussies. When the Vietnamese squares up in a playground scrap, Kung Fu music thumps behind him on the soundtrack. Female teachers are shown as weak pushovers, but their male colleagues as effortless authority figures.

Although it can't help subverting the *Beverly Hills 90210*-style



"He hates it when someone recognises him!"

politically correct sermon with natural Australian attitude, there's no doubt that *Heartbreak High* is an American wannabe. The dialogue is pseudo-US and the fact that the students dress in baseball caps is dealt with not as an "issue" (American issue) but as a simple fact of life.

For all their inanities, *Neighbours* and *Home And Away* were recognisably Australian: not just in location but in tone and approach. *Heartbreak High* shows the Australian television industry desperately attempting to clone American shows like *Melrose Place* and *Beverly Hills 90210*. Even so, Australia's fate — copying US products — still isn't as humiliating as Britain's, which involves submitting not just to American imports but to Australian copies of American imports.

LWT's **You're Booked** is a series about literature, or books anyway, and, appropriately enough, its main interest is between the lines or, as the ponces on *The Late Show* would put it, sub-textual. The original presenter of the series was Craig Charles, who, unfortunately, is otherwise occupied awaiting trial at the Old Bailey on rape charges. Perhaps even more unfortunately he has been replaced by James Whale and Eve Pollard.

The original titles still remain, however, and, amazingly, use the conceit of a policeman chasing a series of readers. The last shot before the presenter appears is of a hand crashing down on a shoulder in an act of arrest. In the sad case of Mr Charles, this would seem to be a fascinating example of what is known in literary criticism as "foreshadowing".

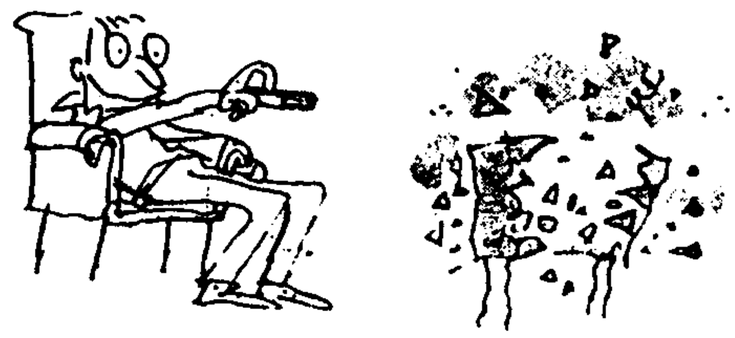
You don't get much about foreshadowing from the new presenters. Eve Pollard probably thinks foreshadowing is a kind of eye make-up. Regrettably, the producers of the series have taken the decision to play on what they believe to be Bollard's sexual allure.

For example, the book news segment of the show is called "Between The Covers". It is introduced in the following way: James Whale (leering): "Eve, are you ready to slip between the covers?"

Bollard (pouting): "Aren't I always, James...?"

In the history of sexual chemistry, this may be the most disastrous experiment ever carried out. As for the books, you worry a bit about a series whose first programme features as a special guest Desmond Morris, plugging an "illustrated new edition" of *Catwatching*. We must hope that, if there is a second series, Craig Charles is free to present it. He should have plenty of time at the moment to catch up on his reading.

'Square Eyes'



MEDIA NEWS

GWYN JONES, former chairman of the Welsh Development Agency (WDA) and the BBC's Welsh governor, is a busy man.

Though he left the WDA quango after revelations that £1.3 million had been paid out in unauthorised redundo (and that £33,000 had been passed round to cronies unable to buy their own petrol), Mr Jones kept his job as a BBC governor.

And when investigative hacks at BBC Wales looked into goings-on at Aberdare — where Tesco wants to build a supermarket on land the WDA helped to pummel into shape — it turned out that Mr Jones was a director of Tesco, too! But that of course was *not* why BBC managers insisted on cuts in the broadcast.

Funnily enough, the latest BBC Wales "probe" — into the run down state of the old coal mining areas — also has Mr Jones's finger prints all over it, even if only by proxy. The subject? The WDA's failure to revive the area where coal is no longer king.

AS ONE would expect with such a large organisation, the BBC owns a lot of land and buildings. For years, the property portfolio has been run by the corporation's property asset management department.

Three years ago the Birtists decided to bring in a "high-powered" outsider to take charge of the department. They hired Hugh Tyler, a director of the chartered surveyors Lambert Smith Hampton. He was chosen, the BBC explained, as "the best man in the business".

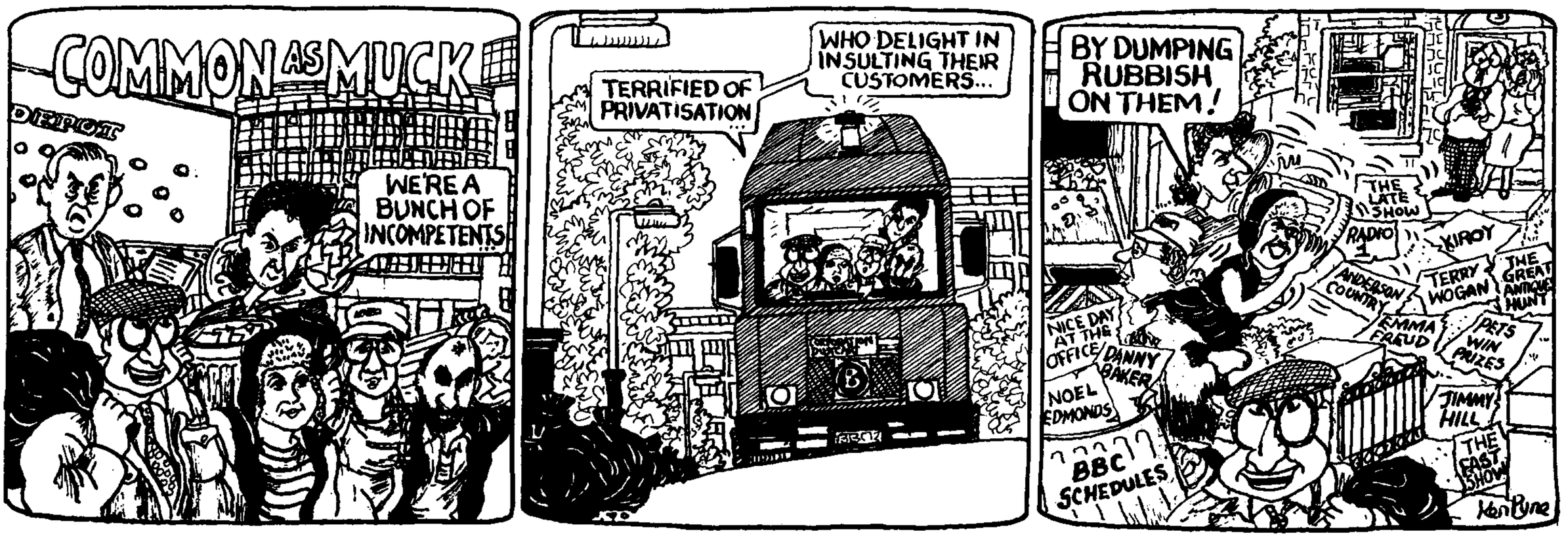
He set about his new job with relish, advising the corporation on how to capitalise on the value of its old buildings. His other task, as part of the BBC's "market testing" programme, was to see if the property department should be "outsourced" — ie, privatised.

A study was carried out last autumn comparing the cost of running it in-house with the cost of sub-contracting it to the private sector. Only one firm was invited to tender for this lucrative commission. Its name? Lambert Smith Hampton.

Why was no rival asked to put in a bid? Because, a BBC spokeswoman explained, LSH "are the leaders in the field". The connection with Hugh Tyler was purely coincidental: at the time the decision was taken, she pointed out, he was no longer a director of Lamberts but was a BBC employee.

Not any more, however. In July the BBC duly closed its property asset management department and transferred its duties to Lambert Smith Hampton. Lamberts recruited a new director to take charge of this multi-million pound portfolio. He is, strangely enough, none other than Hugh Tyler.

Trebles all round!



AS Channel Four showed through involvement in *The Crying Game* and *Four Weddings and A Lot of Hype*, there's money to be made from feature films.

The BBC, too, has reaped the benefit (cf *The Snapper* and *Truly Madly Thespily*), so why have the directors of London's laughable Carlton decided to move out of the film sector altogether?

Since winning the Thatcher-inspired franchise lottery, needless to say Carlton hasn't bothered to make any feature films (or anything else worth watching). But its Midlands-based takeover victim Central *did* promise to make feature films as part of its franchise application.

However, as a cost cutting move the entire Central film division is now to be axed amid the usual round of mass redundancies. Apart from the fate of the workforce, the closure is hardly to the longterm advantage of Carlton-Central's shareholders, never mind (and they don't) the viewers.

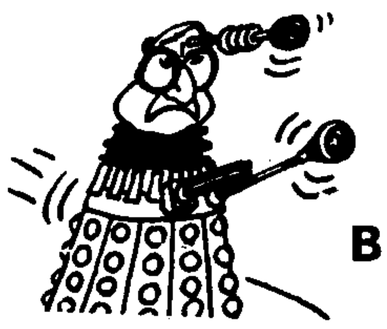
AT LAST a bit of Islamic fundamentalism even infidels in the west may appreciate: Tehran has approved a bill banning "the import, manufacture, sale and use of satellite dishes in Iran".

This is not good news for Rupert Murdoch, whose ambition is to beam crap TV at the Middle East and surrounding area via his Hong Kong-based Star satellite TV service.

Fearing competition in a potentially lucrative market, Murdoch has already unleashed his lawyers to try to stop the BBC launching a satellite service for the Middle East. His desire to limit competition stems from his need to collect subscriptions from Star's viewers. Most Asians are unwilling or unable to pay monthly fees, and the multilingual nature of Star's audience makes selling advertising difficult. But the Middle East offers a huge single language market with the prospect of building a substantial subscriber base among both Arab and expat viewers.

However, this vital part of Star's strategy may be jeopardised by the increasing consensus among Muslim religious leaders that satellite dishes are un-Islamic and contrary to the teachings of the Koran. Of course Rupert may find an amicable solution to this theological technicality, but since last month's vote in Tehran Iranian secret police have been ordered to seize dishes and bring the owners in for interrogation.

Should the fundamentalists fail to appreciate the benefits of having professional wrestling and home shopping beamed into mosques, the consequences for Star could be dramatic. Saudi Arabia and Dubai are just two territories Star's management were counting on to bring the station into profit, and where Iran leads on religious issues they are likely to follow. Star's planned expansion into North Africa, where Islamic fundamentalism is growing rapidly, may also be curtailed.



BIRTSPEAK

BBC Resources North have re-shaped their management structure, replacing a number of Heads with three Account Executives.

The three are the fulcrum of a more customer-oriented operation, looking after all the marketing, negotiating and selling of Resources North, plus the vital customer liaison.

"Their first job is to secure and maintain the business and stop it leaking out of the BBC. They can then begin to look for top-up business outside," explains Resources North Head Cyril Gates.

● *From the BBC magazine* Around Resources.

KELVIN MACKENZIE may have left, but the crazy deal he negotiated with boxer Chris Eubank continues to cause problems for BSkyB.

After the *Eye* pointed out the absurdity of paying £10 million for the Monocled Moron to prance around eight lacklustre opponents, Sky Sports launched a counterattack boasting of the huge number of viewers Sky Sports was attracting for the bouts.

Alas, the official figures are now available and they show a slight variance from the million-plus ratings expected. For despite massive publicity, Eubank's last contest attracted a pathetic audience of just 320,000. In effect, Eubank is costing Sky £4 per viewer, a disastrous deal by any standards. Worse still, Eubank's somewhat alarming manager, Barry Hearn, has, thanks to MacKenzie's generosity, begun to see himself as a major league sports negotiator.

Hearn has written to all 2,500 professional footballers in Britain, inviting them to join his Football Matchroom, a sideline to the snooker agency which made his name before the public became bored with Steve Davis. Hearn aims to recruit 90 percent of the premier league's players, telling the *Sun*: "I have only my clients' interests at heart." Sure enough, Hearn claims he will force Sky and the BBC to double their payments or call a baseball-style strike of all players then under contract to him.

Aside from the fact that such a strike would be unlawful, the Sky-BBC deal still has three seasons to go, suggesting that Hearn is getting a little ahead of himself. Despite the prospect of vast litigation it's hardly surprising that senior executives at Sky are seriously considering cutting their losses and pulling the plug on Eubank and Hearn before they cause any more trouble.

ARTS NEWS

BEFORE the English Touring Company's production of *As You Like It* began its nationwide tour last week, the play's director, Stephen Unwin, asked the eccentric poet laureate Ted Hughes if he would contribute a programme note.

Hughes, who a couple of years ago published a book arguing that "a giant boar" was central to Shakespeare's work, was unable to comply — apparently for fear that his jottings would find their way into Pseuds' Corner.

"It would be pleasant to say yes to your request," the great poet explained. "My problems are at least two; first, I know from experience that it is extremely difficult to modulate my own idea of these plays to the relaxed, passive, enthral me without making me uneasy mode of the punter settling in their seat and opening the programme. What I mean is, I do believe the audience must not be made to think: here comes something difficult, or here comes something I have to be alert for. I've tried to write these programme notes before. My second problem is — that I usually take about three days to push the sentences around before I send off what turns out to be — in retrospect — horribly unsuitable.

"The best I could say would be: if Dante had written a Prelude to *The Divine Comedy*, dramatising his state of mind immediately before entering the gates of the Inferno, beyond which lay the nine circles of damnation, beyond which lay the asylum of Purgatory, beyond which lay the ascent into Paradise, he would have written something equivalent to *As You Like It*. This play holds the same place, as a Prelude, in the cycle of Shakespeare's mature drama, dramatising his state of mind immediately before entering the gates of his Inferno, beyond which lay the nine circles of tragedy, beyond which lay the asylum of the purgatorial 'romances', beyond which lay *The Tempest*. So, *As You Like It* ends, as Dante's *Inferno* begins, in the mouth of the cave, where Jacques, the Questioner, joins the penitent Tyrant in his descent into the Holy Life. Something like that.

"Well, as you see, your average to middling theatregoer stares at that, gasps, then cuts it out to send to *Private Eye*."

Hughes added that he would like to write something about the verse in the play. "But — stench of the lecture-chamber, roasting flesh, ordure of pure terror etc. Weeping, coughing, gasping rictus of the intellectual approach. I would love to help, to be part of what you do, and all. But you see what I mean?"

Er, yes.

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

MORE disturbing reports arrive concerning the management style of Barbican supremo Baroness Detta O'Cathain.

Three months ago she made Kenneth Richardson, former Royal Opera House general manager, head of arts. When Richardson returned from holiday in Canada last week he found a memo from his boss telling him to clear his desk immediately.

Dame Detta later told *Evening Standard* readers that Richardson was "a square peg in a round hole". Funny when you consider she appointed so recently.

● A TOUCHING scene was witnessed recently at La Caprice, that fashionable watering hole, where Nicholas "Abominable" Snowman was power-lunching the former Arts Council secretary-general and current *Grauniad* hack, Anthony Everitt.

One can only presume this was "Abominable's" way of thanking his old chum for his support in a piece bemoaning attacks on the South Bank. But it was a pity Everitt couldn't get more of his facts right. For instance, he referred to an arts centre called "the Rockefeller Centre in New York". Did he mean the Lincoln Center? Maybe this and similar blunders explain why the *Grauniad* fired him at the end of his contract. At least readers will no longer have to plough through rewrites of Arts Council history, and Everitt's glorious starring role in it.

● Clive "Lovejoy" Gillinson, chairman of the Association of British Orchestras, has finally broken his 15-month silence on the Hoffman inquiry by saying in a magazine interview that the whole business was flawed. Of course we all knew that at the start.

Since he agrees, it might have helped everyone if he had said so in July 1993, instead of going on Radio 4 to say how he was 100 percent in support of the Arts Council. But then, in his other capacity as LSO boss, it was handy to have the London opposition tied up in knots with the inquiry. And of course the outcome, which has the three "Hoffman orchestras" struggling to make ends meet, suits Gillinson so well one might almost think he arranged it himself.

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'

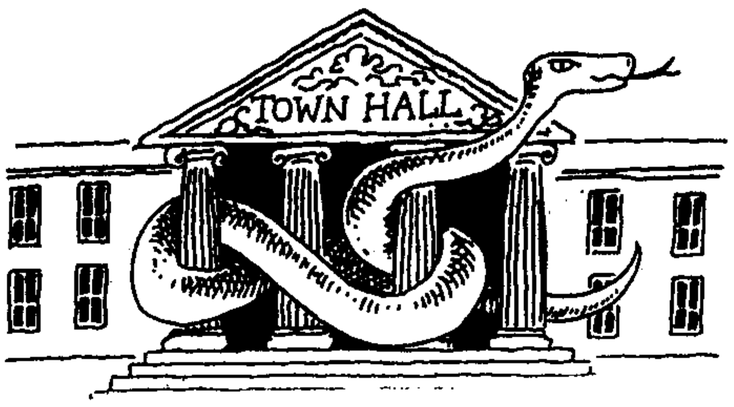
LUVVIES

"I just wait for the little red light to come on and I twinkle."

CILLA BLACK
Daily Mail

Submitted by A. Mole.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.



ROTTEN BOROUGHS

BENT

HOW does one get a planning application through Bent council? One can always try following the example of Jim Carlon, a Kilburn entrepreneur.

Mr Carlon set up a restaurant at the Kingdom Bar on Kilburn High Road back in 1989, but a long-standing development plan for Bent recommended that this stretch of road had reached restaurant saturation point. The council knocked back the application not one but twice over three years. The second time the decision was taken by planning officers under delegated powers.

Mr Carlon in the meantime employed two members of the council, Conservatives William Duffin and Leslie Winters. Coincidentally, it takes two councillors to have a decision transferred back to the development control sub-committee. And even more coincidentally the two aforementioned councillors asked planning officers for their boss's application to be reconsidered by the sub-committee.

As the *National Code of Conduct for Local Councils* says:"It is not enough to avoid actual impropriety. You should at all times avoid any occasion for suspicion and any appearance of improper conduct."

Perhaps the two Tory councillors hadn't read their own code properly, for the officers obeyed the dual request and this time the council passed the application for the restaurant.

The moral of this Bent tale? "If at first you don't succeed, try, try and then employ a pair of Tory councillors." A report on events is now winging its way to the fraud squad.

WANDSWORTH

TRUE-BLUE Tory Wandsworth in south London is set to follow Westminster by becoming another tarnished "flagship" borough. Again, the problems concern housing policy.

In 1990 Wandsworth set up what it called a "priority group sales scheme" (PGSS) which enabled first-time buyers to get a 30 percent discount off a council flat or house without any form of means-testing.

In 1993 alone more than 360 properties were sold under the scheme. With the generous discount, the fall in property prices and the lost rental income, the scheme has so far lost the council £5 million.

Had the properties been kept under council control they could have been used to rehouse families placed in expensive bed and breakfast accommodation. (Wandsworth has more families in B&B than any other London authority.)

In June, the council's own auditors recommended that 200 properties should be released from the scheme to house homeless people. And in August the district auditor Roland Little then criticised the council for failing to meet its statutory obligations to the homeless. He is now investigating whether councillors acted illegally under the 1982 local government finance act, which gives the district auditor the power to demand that councillors are held liable for monies lost as a result of their housing policies.

Throughout the investigations the housing chair Margaret Mervis has maintained that the priority group sales scheme should continue, reasoning that it will show a profit when house prices rise (the homeless do not enter the equation). Unfortunately for Mervis and colleagues, however, the government is now so alarmed about the possible implications of the policy that it announced, via the department of the environment, that the PGSS was to be suspended as of 12 September.

Deals currently under negotiation are included in the ban, and Wandsworth has been told to change procedures and ask permission of the DoE if it ever thinks of resurrecting the scheme. Under new rules means-testing will be compulsory and applicants who could afford to buy on the open market will be automatically disqualified. The district auditor's report is awaited with interest... and trepidation by some.

MERTHYR TYDFIL

THE Taffia in Merthyr Tydfil is having difficulty holding on to its mayors: losing one may be a misfortune, but losing two in a month looks distinctly careless.

The first to go was independent councillor Eddie Thomas. He had to resign after difficulties with his small mines business resulted in a bankruptcy order which disqualified him from public office.

Later in September the new mayor, independent councillor Bill Healey, also resigned — after a full 14 days in office.

He cited unforeseen "family reasons", so his sudden departure had nothing to do with the cosy relationship between the council and the local rag, the *Merthyr Express*.

Nor is there truth in the rumour that the *Express* had learnt how in the 1970s Healey was a man of interesting convictions (*sic*), but Roger Morris, the council's chief executive, had done a deal whereby Healey would go quietly if the *Express* did not run its story. So that's all right, then.

LAMBETH

HAVING consistently accused Lambeth's Labour group of failing to tackle fraud and corruption in the town hall, the *Eye* can reveal that Peter Evans, deputy leader of the Tory group on the council, was arrested last week and charged with, er, fraud.

Evans, who was released on police bail, is accused of obtaining £49,000 by deception. The charge follows a joint investigation by the police, the social decurity department and Islington council; and the sum of £49,000 relates to alleged mortgage irregularities. Mr Evans faces further questioning about possible income support and housing benefit fraud.

A few weeks ago when interviewed on LBC radio Mr Evans stressed the need for councillors to be squeaky clean and to set an example. He has often called for the resignation of opposition councillors over relatively minor matters.

An unforeseen consequence of Mr Evans's arrest is the halting of the recruitment of a new chief executive for Lambeth — he is a member of the appointment committee and the Tory group is now in a state of apoplexy.

ORCADIAN NEWS

TO NOBODY'S surprise at all, Orkney Island council's notorious social services department faces a fostering crisis.

Only two families in a region with a population of nearly 20,000 will now risk working with social workers who orchestrated the infamous dawn raids when children who had not been abused were taken from their beds, removed to the Scottish mainland and forced to confess that they had taken part in satanic rituals.

As a result, children who might normally be expected to find foster homes without too much difficulty are facing long periods "in care". The cost to OIC is huge and it is being forced to spend even more on a press campaign and a "fostering road-show" which is touring Orkney.

WATER NEWS

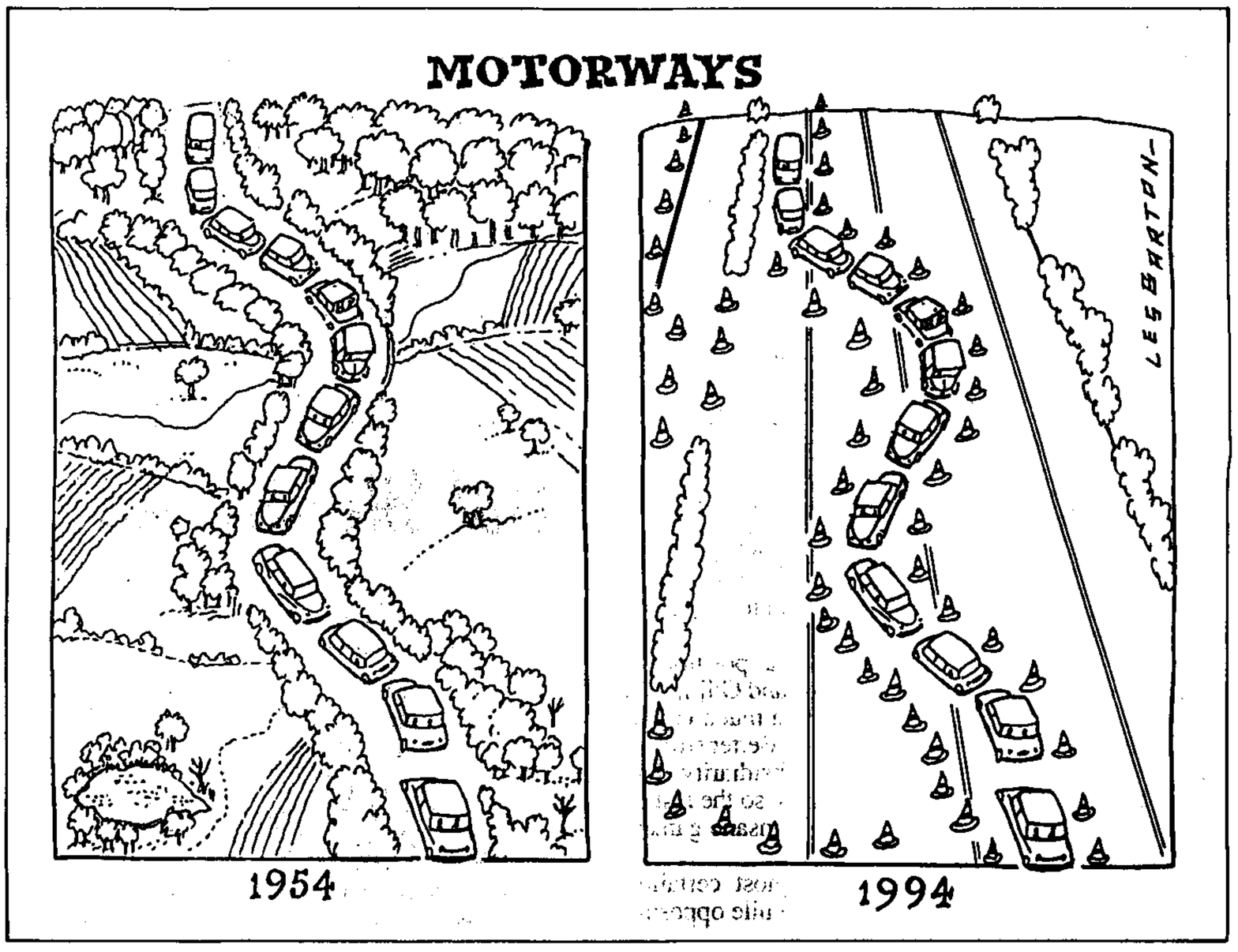
THE BOARD of Yorkshire Water gave a pisspoor performance at the company's agm last week when supporters of consumers' champion Diana Scott won the public relations battle hands down.

On a show of hands the 600 shareholders voted overwhelmingly in favour of electing her to the board only to be thwarted on a card vote by the City institutions — 62 million to 16 million.

Yorkshire Water chairman Sir Gordon Jones claims Diana Scott lacks business experience. But what she doesn't lack of course is experience in standing up for Yorkshire Water's long-suffering customers — the reason for her sacking as Yorkshire chairperson of Ofwat, the official water watchdog (*Eyes* passim).

Perhaps the sort of business experience Sir Gordon has in mind is that provided by himself, as chairman of Hickson International, a chemicals company with a record of polluting Yorkshire's waterways. Or fellow director Peter Flesher, managing director of accident prone chemicals firm, Allied Colloids.

While the board opposed the election of Diana Scott, it welcomed with open arms reelection of board member Jonson Cox. He is managing director of the Yorkshire Water subsidiary Yorkshire Environmental — the company whose main claim to fame is recently releasing a cloud of noxious gas over the people of Leeds (*Eye* 853). Following the incident the local council's environmental health chief described Mr Cox's company as "environmental morons". Clearly much more suitable board material than troublesome Ms Scott.



DOING THE ROUNDS

IN *EYE* 855, we suggested that Dr Clive Froggatt, one-time personal physician to Lady Thatcher, popular architect of the government's health reforms and secretary of the Conservative medical association, had given up his general practice in Cheltenham to join the lucrative international lecturing circuit. We now realise this was wholly untrue.

Dr Froggatt has in fact decided to spend more time being arrested on two charges each of obtaining heroin by deception, possessing heroin and supplying heroin. He has been remanded on bail until 10 November on condition he does not prescribe or possess any class A controlled drugs, does not contact witnesses, makes himself available to the police and surrenders his passport.

This probably means he will be unable to accept his invitation to address the US congress this month on the success and cost-effectiveness of the British *health system*.

● LAST YEAR three critically ill **Greater Manchester** patients died after being driven 55 miles to **Blackpool** because of a shortage of intensive care beds. An investigation was undertaken and lessons were learnt.

Last month, a 77-year-old man died after a similar 55-mile mercy dash from **Bury** to the **Royal Lancashire hospital** because every intensive care bed in Greater Manchester was either occupied or closed. Another investigation is underway.

In 1992-1993, a national audit found that 56 percent of the country's 256 intensive care units had to refuse admissions over an eight-week period, and many hospitals had less than the recommended two ICU beds per 100 acute beds.

● THE **Glenova nursing home** in **Glasgow**, run by GP Dr Rahda Sarker and his wife Ann, was closed in January by **Strathclyde regional council** following the death of a 78-year-old woman from bed sores and pneumonia (*Eyes passim*). A 36-page report has been prepared by Glasgow sheriff Daniel Convery: "It would be misleading to describe the regime at the Glenova as any kind of system of care. It was a squalid enterprise keeping frail and confused residents as human livestock for the income they generated from public sources."

● STUDENT nurses at the **Royal Berkshire and Battle hospitals NHS trust** have been barred by chief executive Ron Cooper from using the staff car park. Aside from the huge inconvenience, Mr Cooper perhaps fails to realise the dangers of forcing unaccompanied women to walk long distances to and from their workplace in the dark. Meanwhile, the £1 million indebted **Northampton community healthcare trust** and **Leicester general hospital** have announced massive rent-rises for student nurse accommodation, of 50 percent and 250 percent, respectively.

● AN orthopaedic surgeon at **Leytonstone's Whipps Cross hospital** who "joked" with a patient that the best way to cut the five-month wait for surgery she had endured was to "vote Labour next time" has received a curt letter from Trevor Jones, chief executive of **Forest healthcare trust**, demanding an explanation.

● IN JUNE Ian Lang, secretary of state for Scotland, hailed the £180 million American-owned **Health Care International private hospital** in **Clydebank** as "a victory for Britain" and robustly defended the government's decision to plough public money into the project on the grounds that "it will attract wealthy overseas patients and generate jobs in a depressed local economy."

Since July the 260-bedded unit has attracted an impressive 20 patients a day, and only 400 of the promised 1,800 new jobs have emerged. Even these may not last long. Last month, HCI faced bankruptcy as one of its five backers threatened to pull the plug. As Andrew Gordon, HCI's executive director, put it: "I'm astonished that Scottish people have not welcomed the new hospital and appear to relish its financial problems."

Chief executive Jim Whiczai added: "People have said you just have to understand Scots don't

● THE CRISIS in dentistry has reached the island of **Islay** where a patient was forced to make a 200-mile round trip to Paisley to have a tooth pulled because the island's only dentist could not afford to treat him on the NHS.

● AT **BURNLEY general hospital** Ian Mahady, a consultant obstetrician and gynaecologist, has been sacked with three hours' notice because funding has run out. Nine months ago the trust took on an extra gynaecologist to cope with the workload and it isn't entirely clear why Mr Mahady, who joined the hospital in 1980 and treats 1,800 patients a year, should have been singled out for such special treatment. Other than his opposition to the health reforms, that is.

● ALL IS not well at **Humberside ambulance service trust**. The financial year ended with a debt of £447,000 and only one original executive director still in the boardroom. Thirty eight non-emergency drivers had their contracts terminated and were offered new jobs on less pay, sparking a fierce dispute which lead to the resignation of chief executive Paul Kirkman due to ill health. His replacement, Trevor Molton, has now given Coopers & Lybrand £25,000 for a "complete review of the service."

M.D.

DOWN ON THE FARM

THERE is much fluttering of leaves in UK glasshouses as lettuce growers wake up to the fact that a proposed EC commission regulation is set to destroy their businesses next year. It will impose limits on nitrates in lettuces which the UK industry cannot meet.

The growers' problem is that nitrate levels are determined by the amount of sunshine their lettuces receive. The EC limit has been set so low that lettuces grown in glasshouses in northern climes will routinely exceed the proposed level, thus becoming unsaleable. An industry worth £45 million will be wiped out.

For once, however, the NFU has leapt to the rescue, sending Ben Gill, its deputy president, to Strasbourg to argue the case for UK growers. He pleaded with MEPs, telling them that restrictions should only be introduced if there is scientific evidence to demonstrate a health risk — which there isn't.

Sadly, Gill's brief was not all it might be. He was asking for the proposal to be "withdrawn or at least postponed". The trouble is that the EC commission has introduced its measure to block a move by German and Dutch governments to introduce their own, completely illogical national restrictions.

In the crazy parallel universe in which EC agriculture policy is determined, the only way the commission can permanently block the German-Dutch axis — thus preventing a breakdown of the "single market" in horticultural produce — is to bring in regulations of equal illogicality to cover the whole of Europe.

Thus the commission is not in a position to withdraw or postpone the regulations, and Gill would have been better advised to lobby for a much higher limit — which his growers could meet. Better still, he could push for a UK opt-out under subsidiarity. The UK does not export glasshouse lettuces, so the rest of Europe could be left to get on with its insane games, leaving our growers in peace.

But such an approach would almost certainly embarrass our government, which — while opposing the regulations — is prepared to implement them if they are brought in. And while the NFU is prepared to posture in Europe, embarrassing its paymasters in Whitehall is something it could never do. Stand by for a flood of imported Spanish and Italian lettuces.

THE Farm Animal Welfare Council (FAWC) makes great play at claiming to be an "independent" body which "advises the government about animal welfare issues".

But it is funded by government and operates from a Tolworth Towers address which happens to be the same as that of the ministry of agriculture, aka the Maffia. There might, therefore, be just a teeny weeny shadow of doubt as to how independent this organisation really is.

This had occurred to David Bland, an East Sussex poultry breeder, whose business is in the process of being destroyed by the "welfare of animals during transport order 1992". The order prevents him sending his rare breeding stock — under welfare friendly conditions — to buyers all over the country (*Eye* 851).

When in July he wrote to the current Maffia boss, "Droopy Willy" Waldegrave, asking for help, he was rather surprised to find his letter answered not by the minister but by a Mr R. Holdsworth of none other than the... Farm Animal Welfare Council. Why, Mr Bland asks, if FAWC is so "independent", does Waldegrave feel entitled to play "pass the parcel" and avoid answering mail on the regulations his own ministry has so ineptly created?

It cannot be said, however, that the Maffia is the only ministry in this increasingly discredited government to play "pass the parcel". Meat traders have suffered a similar fate at the hands of trade and industry minister Neil Hamilton, who is responsible for John Major's deregulation programme.

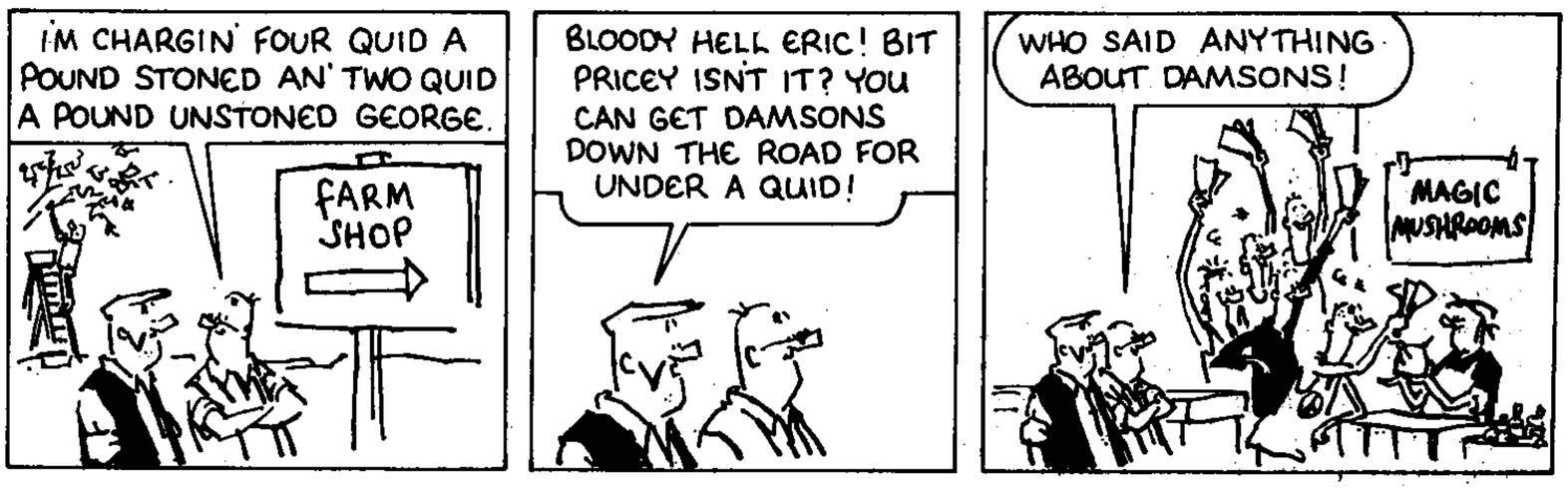
They had written to him about Maffia plans to create the a new monster quango called the Meat Hygiene Service. This is being groomed to take over meat inspection from local councils from next year. Naively, the traders thought a deregulation minister might be interested in killing off a new quango which proposes to charge £40 million to inspect meat in each of the 400 slaughterhouses left in business next year — an average of £100,000 a year, when councils a few years ago were able to inspect meat in more than 700 for an average of less than £45,000.

If a favourable response was expected, it was not to be. Back came the reply, not from Hamilton but from the Maffia's own Droopy Willy. And despite his short tenure in the mind-sapping portals of Whitehall Place — home of Maffia ministers — Droopy had clearly "gone native". He was "not persuaded" by the arguments which showed costs of meat inspection would effectively double for absolutely no public health gain.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT



Letters

Stir crazy

Sir,

I call upon E. Strobes to resign. Clearly he knew about the presence of Semtex at Whitemoor prison before it was found.

There can be no other explanation for the coded message "semotexolina pudding" served at that fine institution; for whoever was responsible for putting together the "IRA Gaol Menu in Full" in your last issue must have been aware of the larder where the Semtex was kept.

I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
JACK SKLAR,
Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

Lookalike

Fry

Westminster

Sir,

One cannot help noticing the resemblance between actor and comedian Stephen Fry, and His Grace the Duke of Westminster. Could they possibly be related?

ALAN HOWARD,
Shrewsbury.

Leak

Sir,

Not only has Ernest Saunders miraculously recovered his health, but he now seems to have a chance of his conviction being squashed.

Like Saunders I was convicted of an offence on the basis of evidence that was the result of my complying with a legal requirement. I provided a urine sample after a few pints of the black stuff.

Do I have grounds for appeal or is Saunders the only one who can take the piss and get away with it?

Yours,
C. BROOKS,
Dorchester, Oxon.

For pity's sake

Sir,

For more years that I can remember my wife was a reader of PRIVATE EYE *for the substance of your magazine agreed with her attitude to life — she was an objector to all things that were in her eyes wrong. Unfortunately she is no longer with me, for as in your article in the last Doing the Rounds she died due to neglect at the Hallamshire Royal Hospital on 22 June. It was most gratifying to know that her favourite paper has "highlighted" her misfortune — though it is a pity she isn't around to read it herself.*

The tragedy of the whole matter is that whilst she had become physically disabled over the last few years her mind had sharpened as time went on — though she was 77 she could out-think most folk half her age — and right up to her death she maintained a grip on her family and kept them on the straight and narrow.

There is another issue to this affair, which is now in the hands of my solicitor. On Thursday 8 September, I, her husband, was in the town centre dealing with some of the resultant problems when I collapsed in the street. An ambulance was called and I finished up in the Hallamshire where I received very prompt attention and was allowed to go home after being told that I needed a "scan" on my neck area to check blood flow, etc, so that I could receive treatment from my GP to prevent this happening again — meantime don't drive!

Yesterday I received an appointment to see the relevant neurologist: 22 March 1995. Of course I'm 77 — 'nuff said.

Yours faithfully,
FRANCIS SMITH,
Dove, Sheffield.

Negative reply

Sir,

I did not give Colin Blakemore's whereabouts to Robin Webb.

Yours sincerely,
VERNON COLEMAN,
The People.

Avon's calling

Sir,

*In Doing the Rounds (*EYE *854) it says: "Staff cuts at Avon's ambulance service."*

We haven't cut staff and are now putting more crews on the road than ever before.

All emergency reports are filled out and skipped meal breaks, inevitable in all services, are at an all time low.

No necessary repairs are outstanding and our ambulances cover the whole of Avon, going outside their area to assist other services.

It's hard to see how the piece could be more wrong. I hope you didn't pay for the information.

Yours sincerely,
NICH WOOLF,
Staff Officer, Avon Ambulance Service NHS Trust.

"Hello, and welcome. I'm Brian, your personal customer for this evening"

Old bill

Sir,

*I agree with Dr Hayes (*EYE *854) that Doing the Rounds accurately portrays the ludicrously puffed managers of our new NHS.*

Northallerton Health Services, our own example of the genre, recently sent a bill for £16 to my late mother. It arrived on the day she died.

The bill was for a blood test requested by her NHS GP. A very simple, routine test. There was never any suggestion or request that it be done privately. An administrative error; of course, naturally. There's a lot of it about.

Can there be any significance that our predatory health service trust so often targets the frail and elderly for its erroneous bills?

I believe there are two reasons the public remains unaware of how crass NHS managers are: they spend a huge amount of effort and public money ensuring good public relations. The quangos running the trusts have loyal Tory supporters assigned to key positions who are swift to stifle dissent from NHS staff.

Yours faithfully,
DR M.T. HARRISON,
Thirsk, N Yorkshire.

O·B·N

"... Johnathan Aitken, chief secretary to the Treasury and a man so good-looking that, had he lived in ancient Greece, it would have been for him that 1,000 ships were launched.

TAKI
Sunday Times

But the author of a permanent peace will be a persuasive John Major, fast being appreciated abroad, if not yet at home, as a top world statesman.

Woodrow Wyatt
The Times

Submitted by June Kinchin, David Goldhill.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

HUSBAND

Counting the costs

Sir,

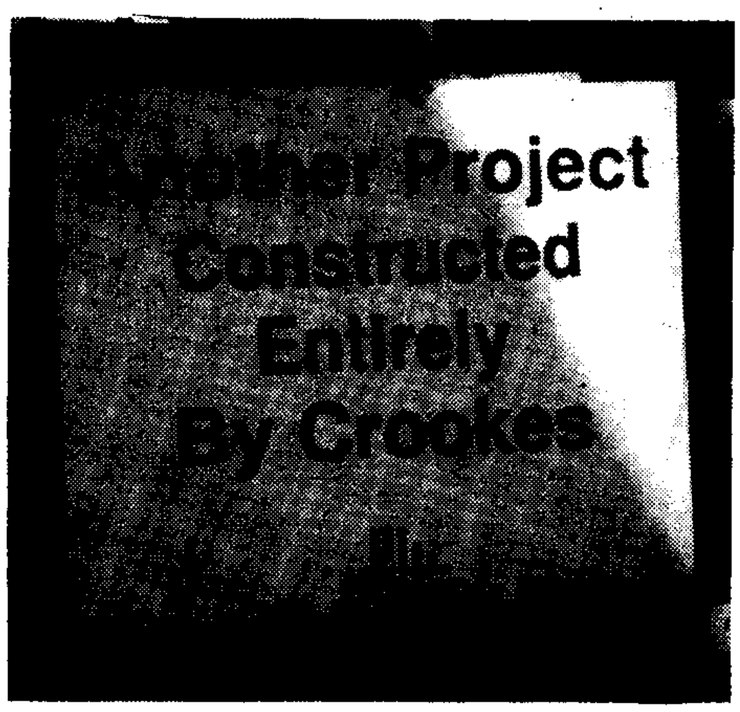
I would like to point out to your readers that Tower Hamlets council was not involved in any way with the "cock-up".

The council was ordered to pay the costs involved by the court and duly did so.

The fact that the Lord Chancellor's department also chose to pay the costs and, it appears to the wrong solicitors, is a matter for them. It will also be for them to recover these costs.

Yours sincerely,
TONY O'REGAN,
Head of Media & Public Relations, Tower Hamlets.

I-SPY *Sydney*



Submitted by R. Bishop. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Cool cheek

Sir,

Honestly, for guys who obviously consider themselves so cool, your attitude toward women who market their youth and beauty is positively medieval. Your sneering Street of Shame article about a woman who was exposed, as you put it, in the NEWS OF THE WORLD, *is a case in point (*EYE *855).*

Your proof that she was offering sex for sale is her voice on a tape which a NEWS OF THE WORLD *"reporter" supposedly recorded. Have you heard the tape? If not, since when have you ever considered* NEWS OF THE SCREWS *information to be a serious journalistic source? I note that her intended works for the* SUNDAY EXPRESS. *Could this have anything to do with your glee in disclosing the affairs of two people whose actions affect the public not one whit and are not newsworthy in any sense?*

Anytime someone finds love, particularly in this country, it is a cause for joy, not derision. All you have done is further embarrass a couple who just want to get on with their lives, for the sake of a snigger. In what way does this separate you from the tabloids you so incessantly mock?

Yours faithfully,
NANCY SCRAFTON,

London SE11.

Rates of unchange

Sir,

Omitted from your list of "top Fleet Street economists in full", whose interest rate predictions were dashed when Kenneth Clarke made his announcement on 12 September, is the SUNSET TIMES*'s economics editor David Smith.*

On the front page of his paper on 11 September, Smith told readers that the chancellor and Eddie George had "decided at their meeting last week to leave interest rates unchanged".

Your omission begs the question: "Is STREET OF SHAME *written by a friend of Smith's, or don't you rate him a top Street economist?" I think we should be told.*

Yours sincerely,
HENRY PAUL,

Eastbourne, East Sussex.

On the quiet

Sir,

Re: David Elstein's reference to Mark Twain in the last issue. It was Mark Twain who said: "When money talks, truth is silent."

Yours,
W. PAUL,

Boreham Wood, Herts.

Prep talk

Sir,

*I note from Vernon D. Skaun's I've-got-a-big-one-and-you-are-a-lesbian-madam letter (*EYE *855) that he (along with hermaphrodite correspondent K.R. Harrison) is incredibly boring and dull. Have we all finished our Latin prep now?*

Caput tuum in ano est
(Have a nice day),
SACHA DURRANT,

London SW18.

Extra Curricula

Sir,

*I was concerned to see in Erica Shornvin's letter (*EYE *854) berating classical exhibitionism that, inter alia, she incorrectly states that the plural of curriculum is curriculums when, in fact, it is curricula.*

People who commit this elementary error should be damn well hung and some of my pupils are. Anyway, tempus fugit and I have to pick up Perkins Minor from cricket in the E-Type.

Yours faithfully,
P.E. DANTIC-B'STAARD,

St Cakes School, Berkshire.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Nobody has ever won the title twice before. He [Roger Black] has already done that."

DAVID COLEMAN
(E.E. Corlett)

"He's carrying his left leg, which, to be honest, is his only leg..."

STEVE COPPELL, Radio 5
(Geoffrey Wilton)

Reporter: *How important was it psychologically to get those six points out of the way?"*

Teddy Sheringham: *Very psychological.*

BBC1
(S. Sanyal)

"... nearly 34 — in fact he's 33."

RICHIE BENAUD, BBC2
(Tim Mickleburgh)

"We've heard these arguments about drift nets before, and they just don't hold water."

FISHERMEN'S SPOKESMAN, Radio 4
(J.E. Lias)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from the UN

from Our Own Correspondent

BOUTROS Boutros-Ghali, UN secretary-general, is celebrating the UN's "decade of drug abuse prevention" in inimitable style.

Last February he appointed his old chum ambassador Lansana Kouyate of Guinea, as UN assistant secretary for political affairs in Africa. Within weeks Kouyate was working hard to protect young Francois Fall, alleged to be his nephew, from charges of drug smuggling.

Fall had been recruited on a three-month contract to help the UN sell out Western Sahara to the Moroccans — well, to assist the UN referendum there, anyway. On 18 February he tried to use his UN right to "*laissez passer*" to escort his wife Fatoumata's baggage through the customs in Las Palmas in the Canary Islands. The Spanish police and customs did not believe his protestations that it was a diplomatic pouch, and their suspicions were well founded. When they opened it they found a less than diplomatic seven pounds of hard drugs hidden in a false bottom to the case.

Despite his UN passport and a diplomatic passport from Guinea, the Spanish authorities detained him for five months. However, they came under heavy pressure from the UN to release him, and did so — even though they sentenced his wife to eight years for her part in what was a massive drug smuggling ring.

Meanwhile, under pressure from Kouyate, MINURSO, the UN operation in Western Sahara, found that Fall was indispensable to its operations.

Back in July of course the UN personnel department had decided "it would not be in the interests of the organization to grant Mr Fall a new appointment at all," let alone one that was retroactive, and least of all one which carried the special hardship allowance paid to people in MINURSO.

The UN was only prepared to pay him a month's salary in lieu of notice, and to pay for his repatriation along with his (presumably well scrutinised) baggage. But orders came from on high that he should be rehired and paid for all his time while in Las Palmas prison. Indeed, he would have been given the mission special allowance supplements (payable for hardship postings) for the time he was in the prison if unhealthy press interest had not led to a reconsideration. It seems Mr Fall *will* be reemployed but he will not be paid for the time he spent in a Spanish dungeon. Shame.

GRAND TAKI ANAGRAM PRIZE

A MESSAGE from Lord Gnome: "As a longtime admirer of Mr Taki Theodoracopulos, I find the thousands of anagrams sent to my organ Private Eye distressing in the extreme.

"Almost without exception they are offensive and, in at least one case (see below), obscene. Unkindly, they also draw attention to his minor conviction for cocaine offences, which was all a very long time ago.

"It is for this reason I award first prize to Ben Gibson of London N5. His OO! OLD ROUE HACK PAST IT is just about the only entry that doesn't remind readers of the time Taki spent in prison, which it would be unfair to bring up again as it was a very long time ago."

Other runners-up include:

LOOK OUT, DOC, HE IS A PRAT
(E.A. Collier, Tackley, Oxon)

★

ACHOO! I POKE LOUD TARTS
(David Healy, Guildford, Surrey)

★

O! OUR PATHETIC OLD SOAK
(Julian Robins, New York)

★

OUT TO LIE, SAD POOR HACK
(Ed Davey, Cambridge)

★

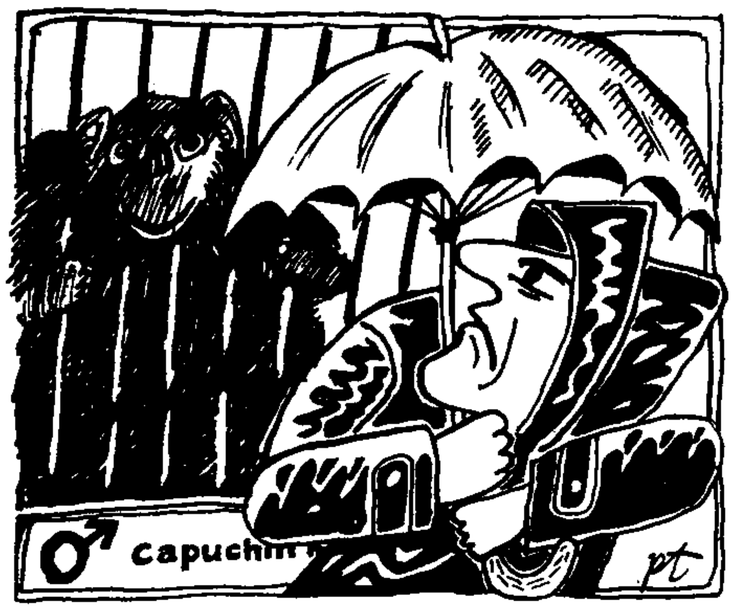
*HACK DROOLS OUT OPIATE **
(Andrew Ross, Oswestry, Shrops)

** (Immediately disqualified for bringing up a minor conviction for cocaine offences which was a very long time ago.)*

FUNNY OLD WORLD

o "I feel responsible. The phrase 'you cunt' is hardly the sort of language people expect to hear on a family trip to the zoo," confessed Jack Corney to reporters. "But it is difficult to teach a parrot control. I may well have to sack Bluey from the kiddies' show."

Corney, owner of the Isle of Wight Zoo, Sandown, acknowledged that his star parrot's career was now under review. "Where he learned it from we don't know, but the language he uses is more suited to a stag night than a family show, F-words, B-words, the lot. We've had no formal complaints, and



it always brings the house down when he tells the female presenters to 'show us yer tits', but it really won't do.

"Bluey is not as big a problem as Charlie, our Capuchin monkey, though. He rattles the bars of his cage and whoops until he's attracted a crowd of schoolgirls, and then relieves himself. I duck every time I pass him by. It's not nice." *(Isle of Wight County Press, 19/8/94. Spotter — Mike Downey)*

— o —

o "Sir: I was appalled to count no less than six fresh piles of canine dung on my early morning constitutional along River Terrace today. This brings my average score on canine excrement sightings on that stretch of footpath to a staggering 3.4 per day over a period of 60 days, despite signs clearly attached to the lampposts.

"I am reminded of my time in Borneo, where the local tribe of natives maintained a strict code on such matters. Any individual found guilty of allowing a goat or beast of burden to foul the settlement was bound to a tree with thongs of wet leather which, when drying in the burning sun, would gradually asphyxiate the accused to a long and painful death.

"If it were up to me, the same fate would befall the guilty dog owners in Henley! Yours faithfully, N. Nelson-Watson (Major, retired)." *(Letter to Henley on Thames Advertiser, 26/6/94. Spotter — C. Jebb)*

— o —

o *"The Vice-President's grasp of English puts Dan 'Potatoe' Quayle in the shade," Reli German told guests at a book launch in Manilla. "Only last week, when a waitress in a restaurant ignored his beckoning gestures and failed to take his order promptly, he complained to the manager with the words, 'Sir, I have been fingering your waitress for a long time, but she just does not want to come.' "*

The mangled syntax of Joseph "Erap" Estrada, Vice-President of the Philippines, is so famous throughout the islands that German had decided to publish a book, 'ERAPtions: How To Speak English Without Really Trial'. "Erap's first language is Tagalog, and whenever he speaks English he's a linguistic time bomb. For instance, during the last

election campaign a TV interviewer said to him, 'I understand that when you were young you were asthmatic', and received the angry denial, 'I beg your pardon, I've always been Catholic.'

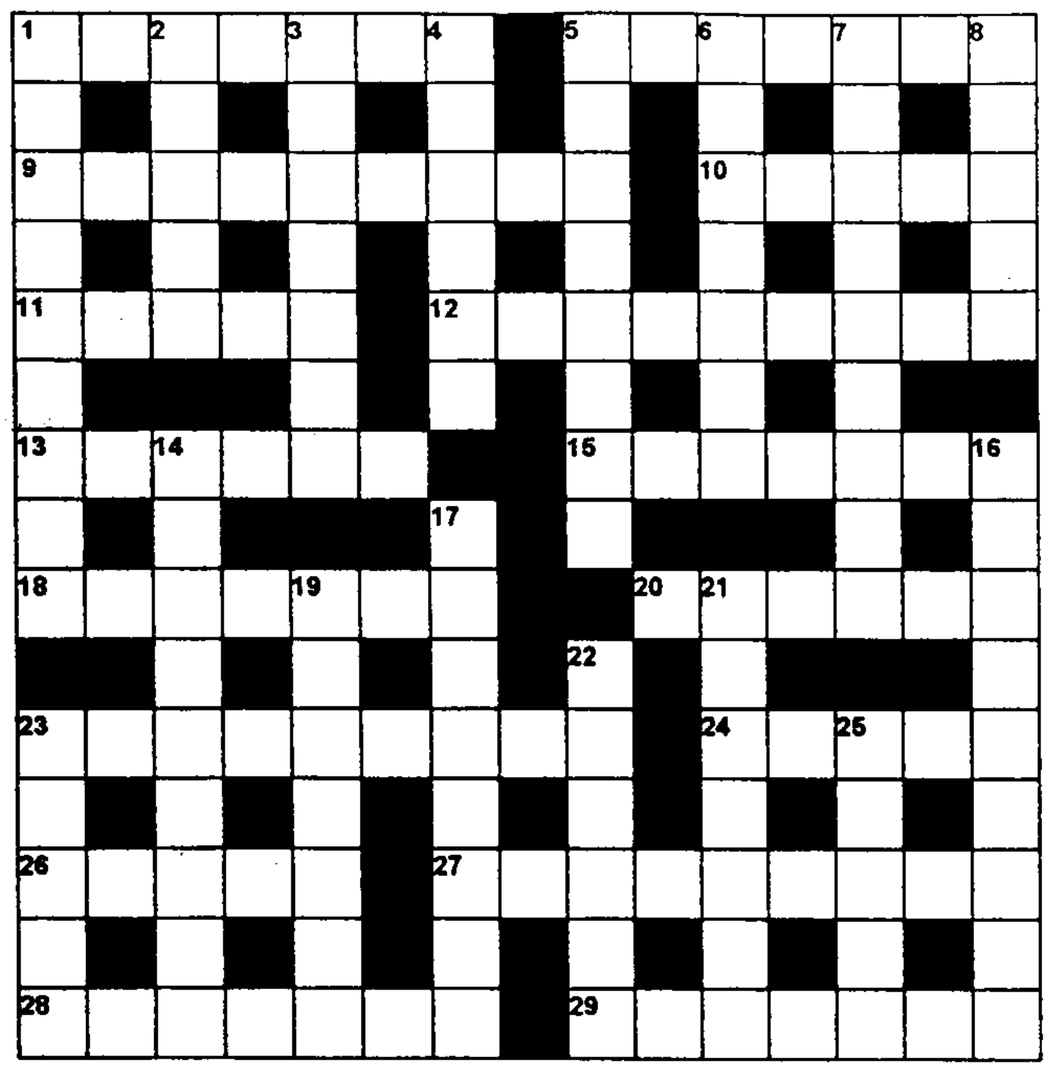
"The strange thing is, the more he does it, the more popular he gets. He used to get angry when he was ridiculed by the press, but as he himself once said: 'To avoid all that, I'll stop speaking English. From now on, I'll just speak in the binocular.' " (The Australian, 26/7/94. Spotter — K.J. Lynch)

Compiled by

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 12 by Cyclops

£100 Winner FRASER



ACROSS

1 Bugs behave like Philby on speed (7)
5 Complex bloke who knocked off parents one way or another (7)
9/6/23ac Mole-type contribution made by Norman's mate (3,6,5,2,4,5)
10 One politician, one excuse (5)
11 Bush, in line with others, might break wind (5)
12 Switch on telly of the Tory rags' bete-noire (5,4)
13 Prat around TV studio for all your worth? (6)
15 If thrown in drink unceremoniously, must be a minister (7)
18 Khrushchev's means of global revolution causing terrible stink-up (7)
20 Reckoning Ecstasy's absolutely piss (6)
23 (see 9)
24 On date, poor circulation could mean failure to get it up (5)
26 Conservative put in a lather by Iraq's hit-and-miss military response (5)
27 The money Brenda and co. get from an accommodating roll! (5,4)
28 Royal pest's breaking balls of strippers (7)
29 British Waterways' bit on the side! (7)

DOWN

1 For those who'll have no conception of what some European heads wear? (5,4)
2 (see 3)
3/2 Liberal foodie's barmy-sounding row involving Right (7,5)
4 By the way, a tumble in the hay is a doddle (6)
5 Alfresco rippling torso duo (8)
6 (see 9)
7 Brief Eggar on energy when there's a large audience (5,4)
8 Forte involved in crap move (5)
14 Kitty hardly pure as the driven snow! (5 4)
16 Come to be lying in this? (4,5)
17 Take-overs in the air: Murdoch operation on the cards (8)
19 Thrilling ride makes sin seem fantastic! (7)
21 The tendency for things to screw up Earth's order (4,3)
22 Bush gets fix after pint (6)
23 Definitely no gay screwing Sonja! (5)
25 Message board? Yes! Yes! (as different countries say) (5)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 12.10.94. Send entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 11

ACROSS: 7 Mrs T 8 Royal Yacht 10 (see 13) 11 Nudity 12 Provos 13/10 Jehovah's Witness 15 News of the Screws 18 Westwood 19 Quango 21 Steffi 23 Charles 24 Monetarist 25 Exit.

DOWN: 1 Brewer 2 State visit 3 Briefs 4 Ayes 5 Laid 6 Chat show 9 Lunches 13 Jehad 14 Versailles 16 Erection 17 Florida 19 Quartz 20 Gossip 22 Feel 23 Coil.

HOW SHOULD TRAITOR HEWITT DIE?

Sun Phone Probe

A. String him up
0898 74324

B. Firing Squad at dawn
0898 748762

C. Injected with Indian-style Plague
0898 92372

D. Forced to watch Mariella Frostrup video review programme on TV
0898 004246

RING NOW!!

TOP PUBLISHER GIVEN COLD SHOULDER OVER KISS 'N' TELL

'It's not cricket' says Snipcock

by Our Literary Staff
David Sexsells

"WE thought they were decent, honourable chaps who played by the rules and stuck by the code."

So said an outraged fellow publisher, Georgiou Snipcock, at the news that upmarket Bloomsbury had "got into bed" with Major Hewitt in order to make passionate money.

Going Public

Said Major Hewitt: "Bloomsbury were in love with me. It was pathetic. They were gasping for it. They'd ring me up at all hours, asking me to give them more. I mean, their relationship with their other authors is very boring, so they came to me. I feel sorry for Michael Oondatjee, obviously, but I don't hate him. In the end I just gave in. Money talks — and so do I."

Those other Bloomsbury titles in full

Getting Down Under — The Women's Movement in New Zealand (1908-1911) by Dame Kiri Takaway. *£27.95*

Viva Feminista! Female Writing in Chile Today. Edited by Margaret Drab. *£37.42*

Keripaka! The Bloomsbury Book of 20th Century Aboriginal Art by Abo Ron Waugh. *£25.70*

Corr! My Naughty Nights with Sexy Di by Major Blewitt. *£5.99 (That's enough books. Ed.)*

THOSE MAJORS IN FULL

Major Ron
Disloyal, sleazy ex-officer trying to cash in on royal connections.

Major Hewitt
Disloyal, sleazy ex-officer trying to cash in on royal connections.

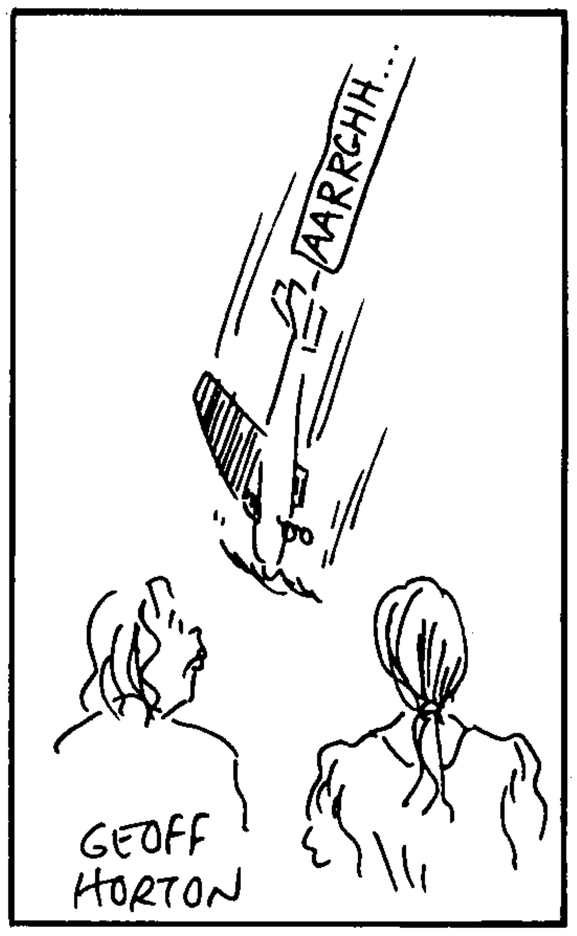
Major Terry Ball
Loyal, clueless former garden gnome manufacturer cashing in on connections to Prime Minister.

Major John
Sleazy, disloyal ex-Chancellor trying to cash in on royal connections (Margaret Thatcher).

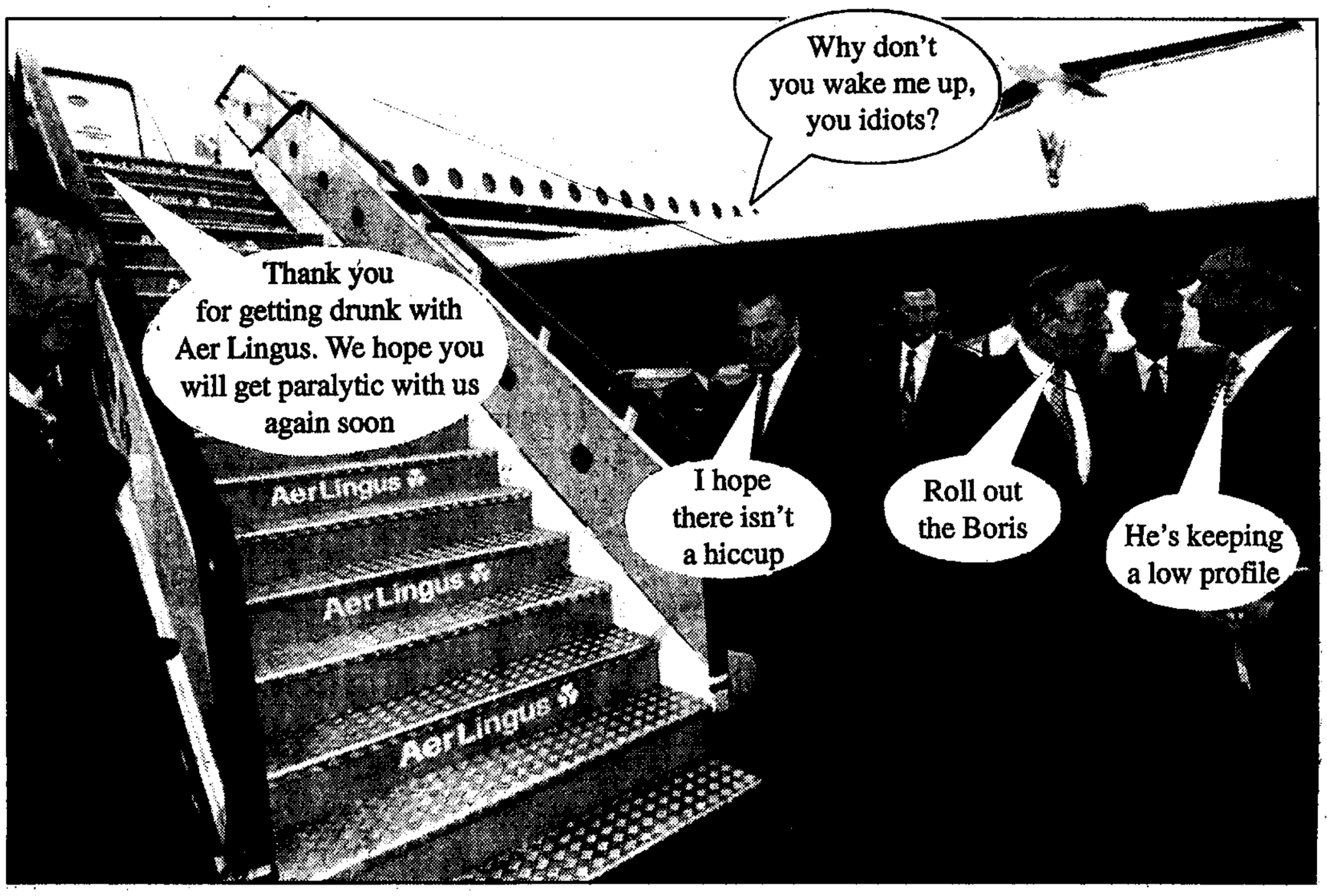
Major Tom
Silly spaceman trying to cash in on connections with Ground Control.

Major Mates (formerly Colonel)
Sleazy, disloyal ex-Colonel trying to cash in on connections with Asil Nadir.

Major Roadworks
Sleazy, disloyal *(We get the picture – Ed)*



YELTSIN HISTORIC VISIT TO IRELAND



Poetry Corner

In Memoriam: Sir David Napley, Defender of Jeremy Thorpe

So. Farewell then
David Napley,
Solicitor to the
Famous.

You had a brown
Rolls-Royce and
Wore a
Bowler hat.

"My bill will be
A million pounds
Plus Vat."

That was your
Catchphrase.

Keith
Says:
"Rest in
Fees."

E.J. Thribb (aged 17½)

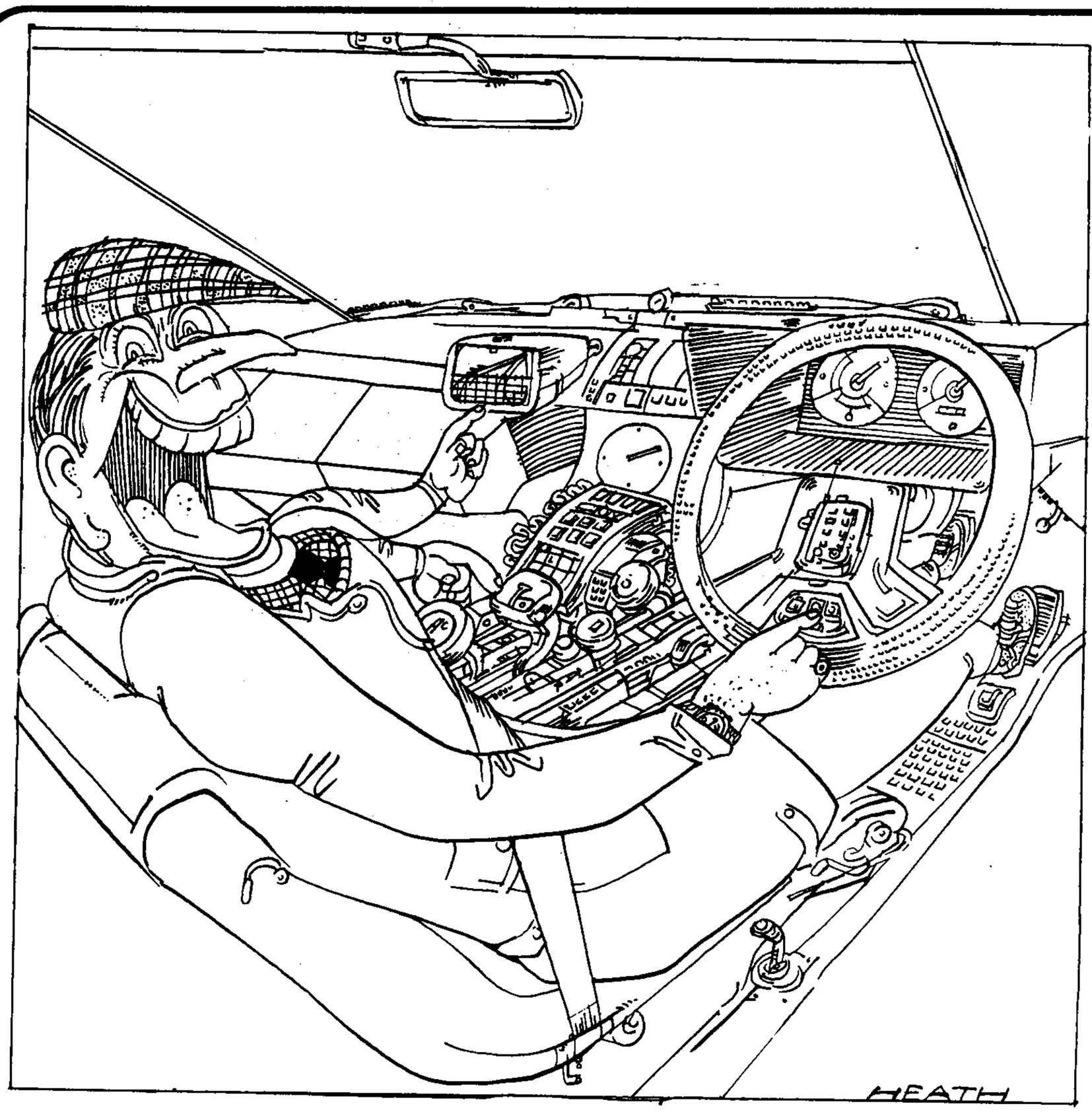
HOMEWORKER INCOME

We can help you work as a freelance **proofreader or editor**. Chapterhouse hold regular classes for begginers in North London with expert friendly tutors Assessments, employment advice and certificates

Big Issue

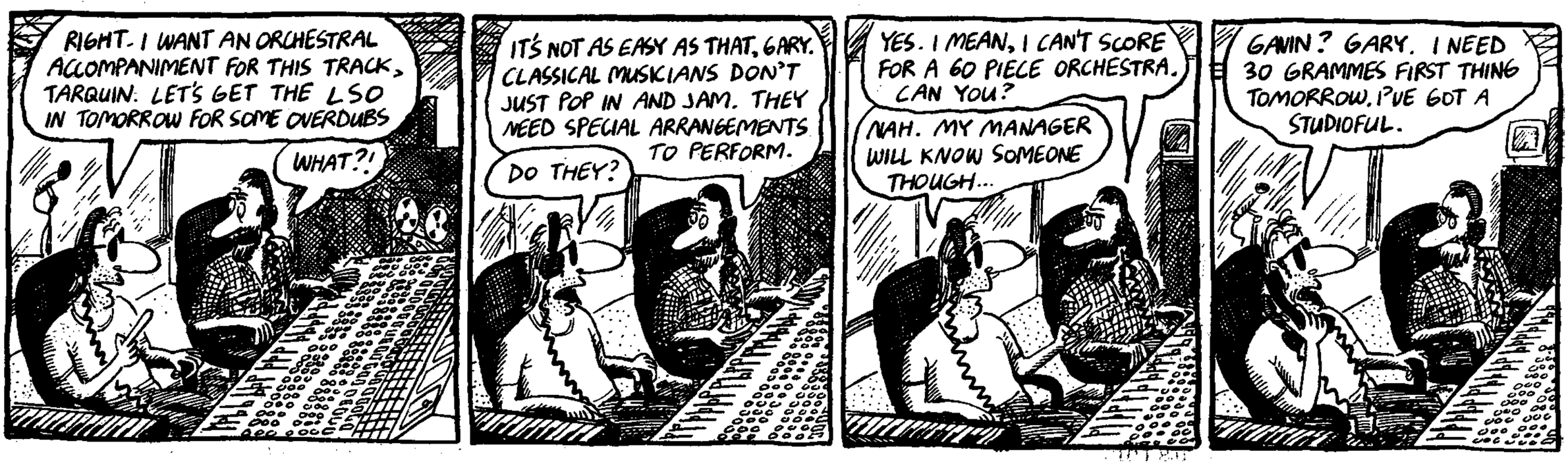
'The Chinese already spend £20 million a head on newspapers and videos,' says Buckley, who only needs 25,000 households to sign up to break-even.

Observer



Great Bores Of Today.

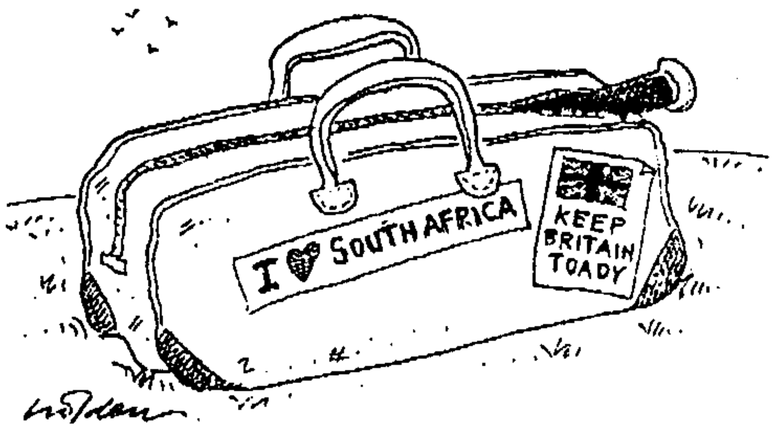
"... I've had mine six months and frankly I don't know how I managed without it obviously it's 4x4 power-assisted steering and it's got a 760 bhp torque which will take you up the side of the Eiffel Tower no probs add in a heck of a lot of top-end grunt and you're talking about a very tasty package including the electronic toys and this one's got a voice activated monitor for everything from tyre pressure to headlight alignment amazing the main point is you're six feet above everyone else and you can see problems before they happen even cabbies give you a bit of respect when you're in one of these she's multi-terrain and she can take a flash flood or a twelve-foot snowdrift like a knife through butter we can get in the three kids the nanny and the spaniel and there's still bags of room for the shopping from Sainsbury's which is really when it comes into its own actually the only drawback is that you can't find anywhere to park the bloody thing in our road it's too big and it keeps getting broken into you don't want to buy it do you? 18K should be about right..."



The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

This week I am to be a world statesman, in time for the party conferences. This is a brilliant idea by Mr Meyer, who told me that I should start by meeting someone who is really popular so that people will think he is my friend. "How about Tony Blair?" said Mr Hanley, looking up from his Telegraph crossword, which incidentally was still blank after two hours. Mr Meyer ignored him, and said that he had arranged for me to have a photo-opportunity with Mr Mandela in South Africa. This will be in no small measure a very historic meeting, since I will be the first British Prime Minister to visit South Africa for 30 years, ie Mrs Thatcher was never invited to go there. Oh no.



Tuesday

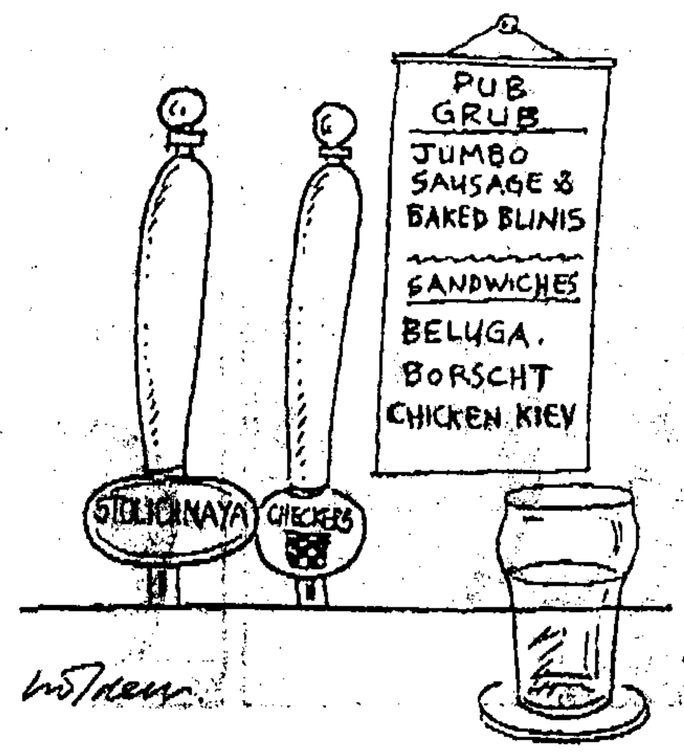
Today I arrived in South Africa, which is very hot and where their national game is cricket. My wife Norman has packed my cricket bat and pads and my grey flannels, just in case I have time for a game. Which I did! I managed to get out their Sports Minister and luckily the television cameras caught the great moment when he knocked down the wicket with his bat and said "Well bowled, Prime Minister". Mr Mandela could not play cricket, because he is too old, but he very kindly allowed me to speak to his parliament which is all black, except for quite a lot of whites. This shows how tolerant they are, and they even allow their former Prime Minister to be in the Cabinet although his party lost the election by a landslide. "I hope your Mr Blair allows you this privilege when the time comes", said Mr Mandela. I had no idea what he meant, but he spent a long time in prison and is obviously completely out of touch.

Wednesday.

Mr Meyer was in high spirits this morning. "Your South African trip has made the front pages", he said, holding up a pile of newspapers. I was somewhat annoyed to see that they all had a picture of Mrs Thatcher in India with the headline "Major Fury As Thatcher Speech Ruins His SA Trip". "What is the meaning of this?" I said to Mr Meyer angrily. "Well," he explained, "we knew that if we told you what she'd said, you would be very angry, so we didn't tell you, but just told the papers anyway." Mr Meyer certainly is a clever man, unlike Mr Hanley who when we returned from South Africa had still only managed to do one clue in his crossword — and even then he had to rub it out because his answer had too many letters. He had written in "Wildebeeste" when the right answer was obviously "Gnu".

Thursday

Today I am continuing my week as a world statesman by having a visit from Mr Yeltsin who is the one who is Prime Minister of what used to be called Russia, but is now called something different. Mr Meyer had decided that the highlight of the visit should be a trip to the village pub near Chequers, which used to be called the Buckingham Arms but has now been called the Hedgehog and Bucket. "A bit like Russia," I said to Mr Yeltsin, as I was queuing up to get served, but Mr Yeltsin did not understand. When we had got our drinks and crisps, we went out to have our photograph taken by lots of photographers who were waiting outside, and I gave Mr Yeltsin a cricket bat as a souvenir of England. He made a joke in Russian, which our translator said meant: "I will use it to hit my wife over the head". But he then handed me back the bat, saying something else in Russian. The translator explained that Mr Yeltsin had been hoping for a signed copy of "the famous comedy book by your great English writer Terry Major-Ball". "Mr Yeltsin would not want that," I told him, in my special getting-angry-about-Terry's-book voice. "It is full of mistakes." Incidentally, I have found another howler on page 81, when it says that father had bought us two Fair-Isle jumpers for Christmas at Baldwin's in Padmore Road. But as everyone knows Baldwin's had closed down years before that, and our pullovers came from Wallington's opposite the station.



Friday

Today I have decided that it is Mr Mates's turn to go on to the world stage to stick up for Britain. He was the man who had to resign for giving a watch to Mr Nadir, who had given so much money to the Conservative Party. I can't quite remember what was wrong with this, but it was all a long time ago. The point is that he is a respected member of the party and he knows a lot about Ireland, so I thought he was the ideal man to send to America to appear with Mr Adams on all the TV shows and allow the American public to choose between them. In the middle of the night, the telephone rang in our bedroom and an American lady asked whether I would take a "reverse person-to-person call from a Colonel Mates in Wisconsin". Eventually, Mr Mates came on the line saying "Great news, Prime Minister, I'm just about to appear on the Milwaukee Home Shopping Channel's Drive 'n' Weather Hour." "Oh yes, that's very good", I said. "I hope you're not finding all these programmes too tiring. How many have you been on so far?" At this point Mr Mates had a fit of coughing and the line went dead while a voice said: "That'll be 58 dollars and 37 cents, caller — have a nice day."

Saturday

I have had enough of being successful on the world stage, and it is time to concentrate on home affairs. I am getting not inconsiderably annoyed with Mr Blair, whom I never think about and whom I certainly am not frightened is going to win the next election. Oh no. He is so desperate for votes that he is even promising that if he wins he will cut taxes. How dare he say that, when that is our idea. Everyone knows that we were the first to say that we were going to cut taxes. If Mr Blair won the election, which he won't, he would soon find that he would have to put up taxes instead, just as we did. He is totally dishonest and certainly does not deserve to win the next election, which he won't. Mr Hanley came in again during the afternoon, to say that he wanted to ask me a very important question. Was there such a word as "Zobic"?

IS PEACE 'PERMANENT'?

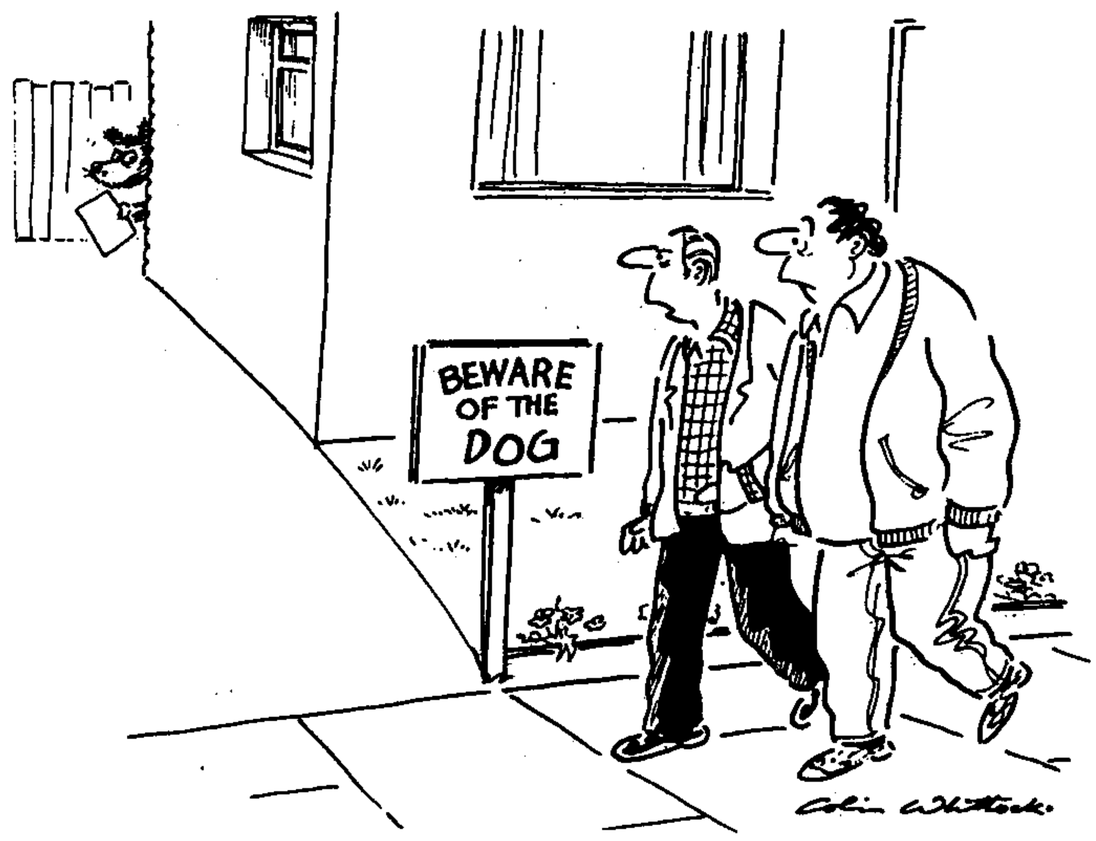
by Our Historic Peace Accord Staff **Petronella Why-O'Wyatt**

IT was revealed last night that the Prime Minister had recently concluded a "secret deal" with his number one long-time enemy, Mrs Margaret Thatcher, during a behind-the-scenes lunch in St John's Wood.

This could herald an end to years of civil war that has raged inside the Conservative Party for so long.

Mr Major, however, is known to have reservations about whether the peace will be long-lasting, and is said to be seeking an assurance that Mrs Thatcher has laid down her handbag "on a permanent basis".

The deal, brokered by top intermediary Father Woodrow Wyfront *(continued page 94)*



"Watch out — he sells time shares!"

THOSE BENNETT DIARIES

Sunday, 18 September 1994

My diaries have appeared in The Observer, a newspaper my auntie used to use to line the budgie's cage. I once saw Mr Kipling (named after the cake-maker rather than the poet) defecate all over a photograph of Kenneth Tynan. Good, I thought at the time.

Piles of The Observer are lying unsold outside Mr Patel's newsagent and mini-mart, open seven 'til seven. I asked Mr Patel for a pint of semi-skilled milk, a packet of plain Hob-Nobs (not chocolate, obviously) and a copy of the Observer.

"Are you sure, Mr Hockney?" he said. "The Sunday Telegraph is splendidly good and much cheaper if you save the coupon from Saturday's paper."

I pointed out to him that not only did I not have a coupon but that the Observer was serialising the diaries of Alan Bennett.

"Ah yes. Indeed," he said. "Alan Bennett. The friend of Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. Now they *are* funny."

It starts to rain, as well it might. *(Continues throughout '94)*

'TOUGHER SENTENCES' PLEDGES HOWARD

by Our Crime Staff **Rob Banks and Nick Videos**

MR Michael Howard, the beleaguered Home Secretary, last night promised that from now on there would be nothing but tough sentences from him.

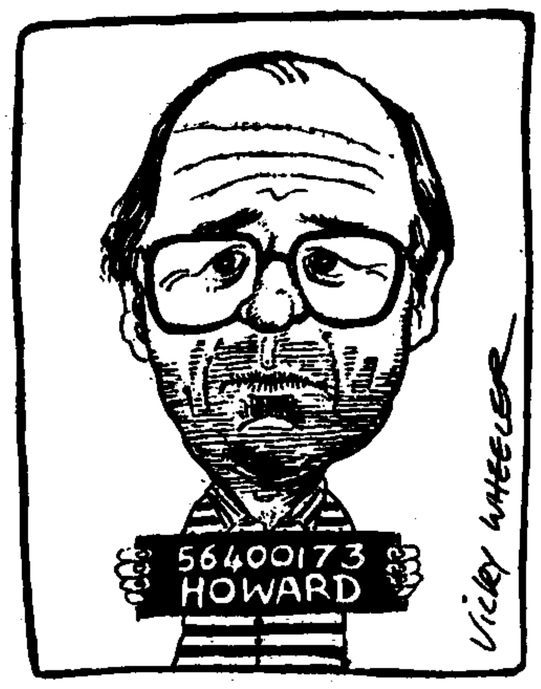
"The sort of sentences I have in mind," he told reporters, "are ones that include the words 'crackdown', 'punishment', 'yob', 'hooligan' and 'retribution'.

"There will be no more soft sentences containing words like 'leniency', 'rehabilitation' and 'safari-park'."

Mr Howard continued: "I am convinced that these sort of sentences will have the desired effect, i.e. acting as a deterrent to those irresponsible elements in the Conservative Party who think I should resign."

Asked to give an example of the minimum tough sentence he envisaged, Mr Howard said that, in his view, it would have to be at least six words long — "Please don't sack me, Mr Major."

Mr Michael Howard is on probation.



LATE NEWS

Prisoner found in jail shock

Reports from Whitemoor Prison suggest that in the early hours of this morning a prisoner was found in his cell by a vigilant prison officer.

"We don't know how this happened," said an embarrassed Governor. "The prisoner concerned was neither eating lobster nor building a bomb. We have no idea how this happened."

HEADMASTER DEMANDS 'MORAL LEADERSHIP'

by Our Education Staff **Michael Cane**

THE headmaster of the £84,000-a-year Berkshire public school St Cake's (motto: Cave Matronam) hit out today at what he called "the moral vacuum in public life".

Dr Kipling stunned the Headmasters' Conference with a blazing personal attack on England cricket captain Mike Atherton.

CrossHead Master

"When a filthy grammar school oik doesn't have the decency to put a revolver to his head when he is caught cheating, then the country has come to a pretty pass," said the redoubtable Dr Kipling.

The headmaster went on to blame the "rampant greed of our money-mad society" for what he called "the greatest spiritual malaise since the collapse of the Roman empire.

"Thank goodness," he went on, "there are still some schools which preserve the old values of service without counting the cost.

"For only £28,000 a term," he added, "St Cake's offers unbeatable value with its guarantee of '3 "A"s at A-Level Or Your Money Back — subject to availability'. And don't forget, its 36-hole golf course makes it an ideal conference centre. For further information, phone our Hot Cake's Line on 0898-111112 and ask for the Bursar, Major Voodoo-Cedras, who will send you a full-colour brochure. As I always tell parents, 'The 3-Rs-R-Us'."

Mr Kipling was later arrested for several offences under the Fraud Act 1984.

The EYE says

For 26 years the so-called Bishop of Durham has lived with a guilty secret.

For 26 years this man of the cloth has been married to a wife, and has had three children by her.

What is the CofE coming to when an ordinary law-abiding gay vicar turns out to be a closet heterosexual with a family?

No wonder the Rev. Kirkup, the highly respected leader of the Gay and Lesbian Vicars Action Groups, is calling for this hypocrite's resignation.

If you want to be straight, buzz off and join the Roman Catholics.

At least the old Bishop of Durham didn't believe in God.

A Tory Doctor writes

AS A DOCTOR I am often asked: "Will you accompany me to the station, Sir?"

The simple answer is: "Yes, Officer, it's a fair cop."

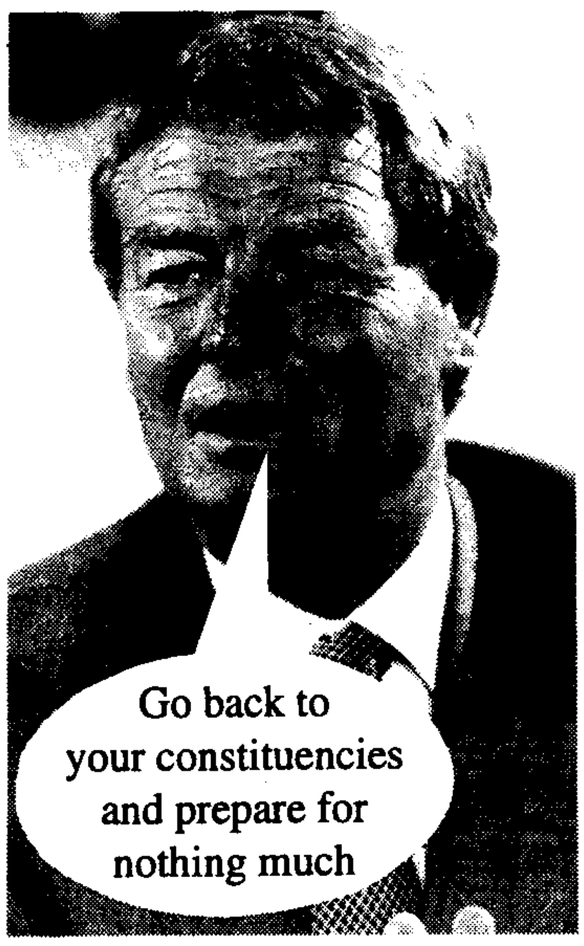
What happens is that the Doctor, or *Amicus thatcheris bottomlisque normalis*, to give him his full medical name, is accused of supplying heroin.

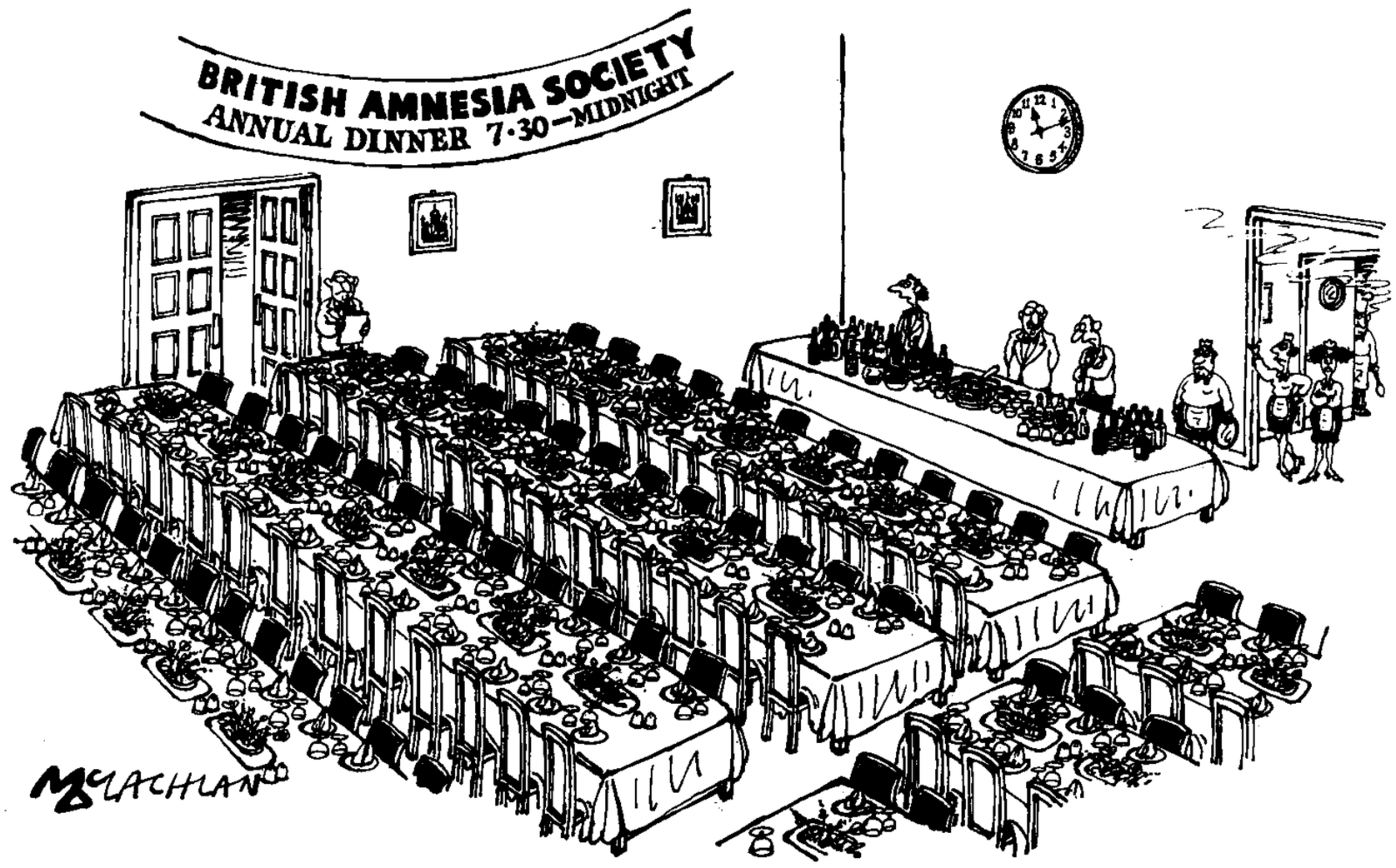
He then says: "She was never my heroine. In fact I barely knew her."

If you are worried that the Tories are too sleazy to win the next election, you may well be right.

© *A Doctor.*

LIB-DEM RALLY 1994





"It's the same every year — complete bloody waste of time"

Pompous. Pretentious. Puerile. Is this Britain's most irritating man?

Wouldn't you like to biff Geoffrey Wheatcroft?

IT WAS 3.32 in the afternoon. In an agreeable converted stable near Bath a phone rang. It was the Daily Mail features desk ringing up Geoffrey Wheatcroft, who was busy sleeping off his lunch.

"Geoffrey," said the voice from London. "We've tried everyone else — Paul Johnson, er... you know... anyway, but they've all said no so we're coming to you as a last resort. We'll make it worth your while."

"Of course I'll do it. What is it?" replied Wheatcroft.

"800 words on why you'd like to knock Stephen Fry's teeth down his throat for being a Leftie and a raving poof."

There was a brief silence. "Stephen Fry — is he any relation of my neighbour Jeremy Fry, Princess Margaret's friend?"

"No, Geoff, he's a comedian. He was nearly in a fight at some old boys' do. Anyway, don't worry if you've never heard of him. We'll fax you the cuts. We need it by four — that gives you 25 minutes. Thanks, Geoff — you're a white man."

THE celebrated man of letters took another draught of inspiration from the half-empty bottle of claret at his elbow. With great concentration he pulled a clean sheet of paper into his ancient typewriter and typed out, with one finger, the opening words of his article.

"Geoffrey Wheatcroft is a smug, unfunny, complacent bore and someone jolly well ought to beat him up," he wrote, before subsiding into his normal recumbent position.

But it was OK. The subs wrote the rest and once again the Daily Mail's Page Eight was a national disgrace *(surely 'talking point'? P.D.)*.

■ Is there anyone on the Daily Mail that you'd like to hit hard in the face? Prizes of a blow-up-and-biff dummy of Sir David English or a case of Lagerlout Top-Strength Yob Brew to the best 10 letters explaining why you'd like to wallop editor Paul Dacre, Nigel Dumpster or any other top Mail name.

NOBEL PEACE PRIZE FOR ADAMS?

by Our Irish-American Correspondent **Lunchtime O'Sitting Bull**

IRISH-Americans everywhere, from Ignorance, Arkansas, to Little Knowledge, Nebraska, are demanding that Sinn Fein president St Gerry of Adams be given the Nobel Peace Prize in recognition of his years of armed struggle in pursuit of his legitimate peaceful aims.

"He's the great peacemaker since Nelson Kissinger," said the influential Senator Slim Grasp O'History, spokesman for the Democratic Committee For Sucking Up To Gerry Adams In The Hope Of Winning A Few Votes.

Adams is believed to have been nominated for the top Swedish award by Sinn Fein themselves, but he faces stiff competition from Bosnian Serb peacefighter Radovan Murdovic, the leader of the Rwandan Hutu Peace Militias, Mr Machete, and last-minute entry General Slaughter, commander of the Haitian Death-for-Peace squads.

But Gerry Adams is confident of winning. Said a Sinn Fein spokesman: "If he does not gain his legitimate objective of winning the Peace Prize then he cannot be responsible for any subsequent bombing of the ceremony or murder of the judges by extremist factions."

That Yeltsin Aeroplane Lunch menu in full

To start:
Vodka

— ✻ —

Followed by:
Vodka in Vodka
AND
Vodka
OR
Vodka

— ✻ —

From The Trolley:
Vodka with Vodka
OR
Vodka without Vodka

— ✻ —

To Drink:
Half-Pint of Old Mr Reynolds's Lemonade Shannon

BBC1– REPUTATIONS

Schweitzer – was he the most evil man who ever lived?

Beginning a new series in which we offer a balanced reassessment of what total bastards everyone famous who lived in the past really were.

(Film clip of old man in pith helmet attempting to cure leper)

Voice Over: All his life Dr Albert Schweitzer lived in the African jungle attempting to alleviate the sufferings of sick Africans. At least that was his story. But today historians take a very different view.

(Cut to black American professor. Caption reads: DR LEROY PIPESUCKER, PROFESSOR OF AFRO-POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW DWORKIN*)*

Professor: Schweitzer exploited native black Africans without pity or mercy. His only interest was in acting out White Supremacist fantasies of the great European healer patronising poor Africans who were too sick to stand up to his Fascist colonialist oppression.

(Clip of old man in pith helmet floating down Congo with upright piano in canoe)

Voice Over: Many critics believe Schweitzer was one of the greatest organists of his time. But Prof. Pipesucker takes a different viewpoint.

Professor: Despite spending 50 years in the jungle, Schweitzer never grasped the polyrhythmic complexities of African drum music, but remained fixated on the decadent, musical sterile banalities of reactionary Euro-Christian German composers, such as the forerunner to Hitler, Johann Sebastian Bach.

(Clip of old man in pith helmet dying under mosquito net, watched by weeping Africans)

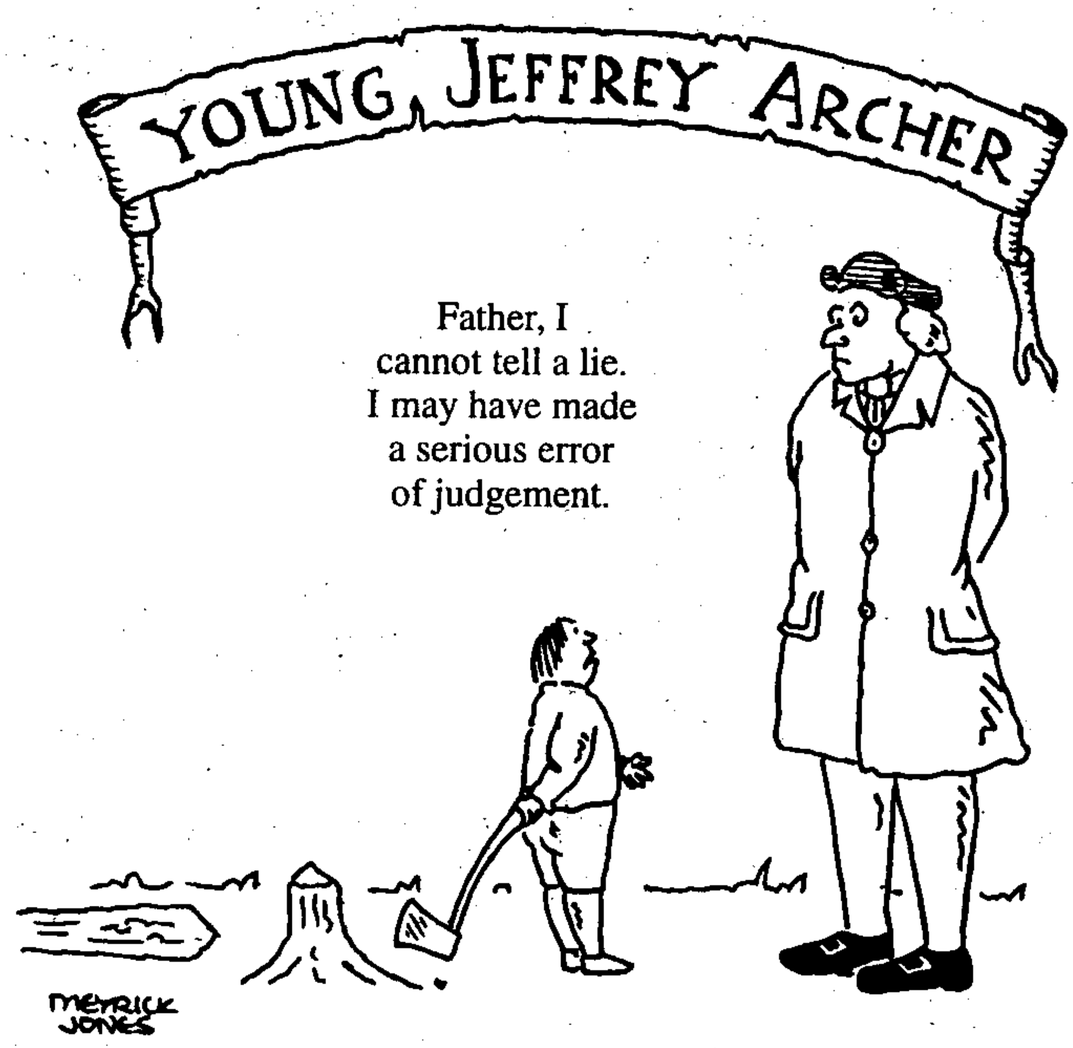
Voice Over: But even today there are still a few reactionary lunatics whom we can wheel out to defend Schweitzer, thus discrediting him ever further.

(Cut to Sir Perishing Worthless sitting in sunlit garden wearing silly hat)

Worthless: What do you want me to say? Schweitzer was a jolly good egg. He discovered the atom bomb and played the trumpet. What more could you want? When you see what a mess these people are making in Rumbwanda, it shows they're not fit to run the show. Could you let yourselves out? Lucy isn't speaking to anyone at the moment.

END

NEXT WEEK: *Reputations* looks at Taki Lotofcokeupthenos and discovers one of the most misunderstood geniuses of all time.



LABOUR SHOCK

SUPERMODELS

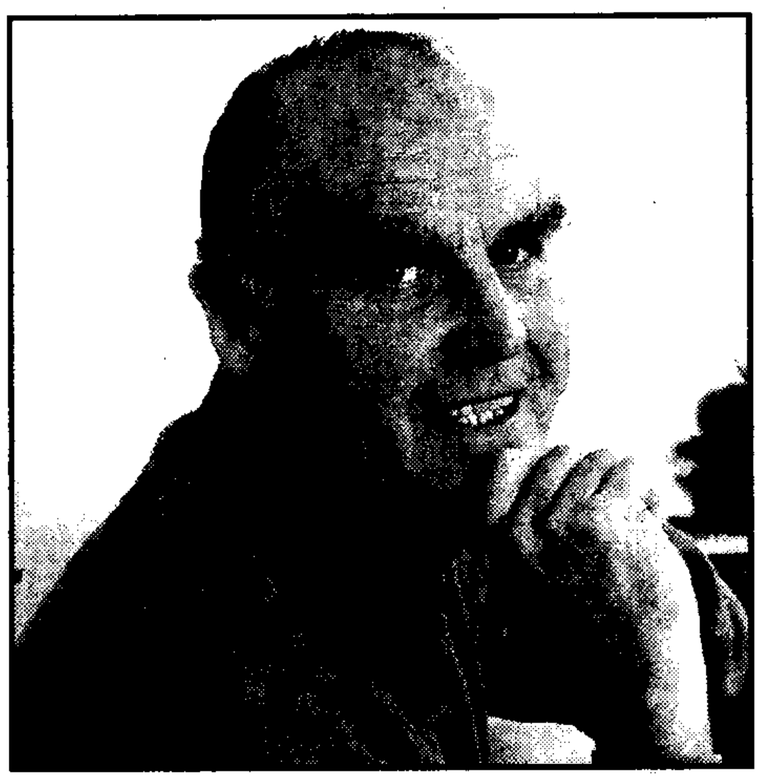
Neil Kerber

DIARY

BEFORE we begin, let me make one thing crystal clear. The masseuses at the Wigmore Club had their hands full, and it did not help when one member was blown out of all proportion. The Wigmore was somewhere I could shut myself off for a couple of hours in the afternoon in order to switch off. The fact that the hard-working waitresses chose to divest themselves of all garments in this warm environment was neither here nor there. If you have a bruise, or a muscle you wish to be pulled, a good massage will sort it out. On and off the polo field, I have always had my fair share of bumps. About twice a week in the high season I would come down quite unexpectedly with all-over body bruises — many of them invisible to the naked eye. These would require hands-on medical attention from a highly qualified dusky masseuse. Of course, the Press tried to make a mountain out of a molehill, and I was soon to become "the disgraced Major Ferguson". But what have I been "disgraced" over? Many other members of the Royal Family have been to similar establishments — Prince Philip for one — but I am a gentleman, and I'm very sorry but I simply refuse to name names.

I've always had the greatest respect for Prince Charles, but I'm afraid he's not what I'd call a man's man. Nor a ladies' man, for that matter. I admire him for many things, but treating other people with common decency is not one of them. Much as I respect the fellow, I could never say that he has been blessed with a shred of humour, or that he has ever bothered to lift a finger for others. Frankly, I have a lot of time for Prince Charles, but I can't help regretting that he says hurtful things about others in public. Such an absence of decorum seems to me quite unforgivable, but then I'm probably just dreadfully old-fashioned. Nevertheless, my ingrained sense of duty and loyalty means that I have the greatest respect for Prince Charles: I won't hear a word against him.

Thank God I've never been a snob, but one question continues to vex me. Will my daughter Sarah, Duchess of York, mother of the Queen's grandchildren, ever return to her husband, Prince Andrew, the Duke of



MAJOR RONALD FERGUSON

York, second son of Her Majesty? I earnestly hope so, and I shall do whatever lies in my power to make damn sure she does. It'd be better for everyone — children, agents, publishers, press agents, the lot. But first she must learn some discretion.

The other day when she rang up in tears, I gave her a piece of my mind. "It's simply no good, old girl, letting the press in on absolutely everything", I said. "Whatever happened to mystique?"

"Mustique?" she replied, "That's okay, Dads. *Hello!* has agreed to fund the trip, but only if I take the kids and Johnny B. and they can snap me in a strapless swimsuit."

"Are you sure this is wise, old girl? Think about your *image*, Sarah!" I counselled.

"And they're saying you can come too, Dads!"

"Think you can swing Club Class both ways? Tremendous! Sounds just the well-earned rest we both deserve! Count me in. High time we were out of the limelight, eh? What's the local talent like out there?"

Some newspapers continue to make snide remarks about my family background, suggesting that we used Sarah's marriage to better ourselves socially. What utter nonsense! To my amusement, mother's family have always regarded their pedigree as being socially superior to that of the Windsors.

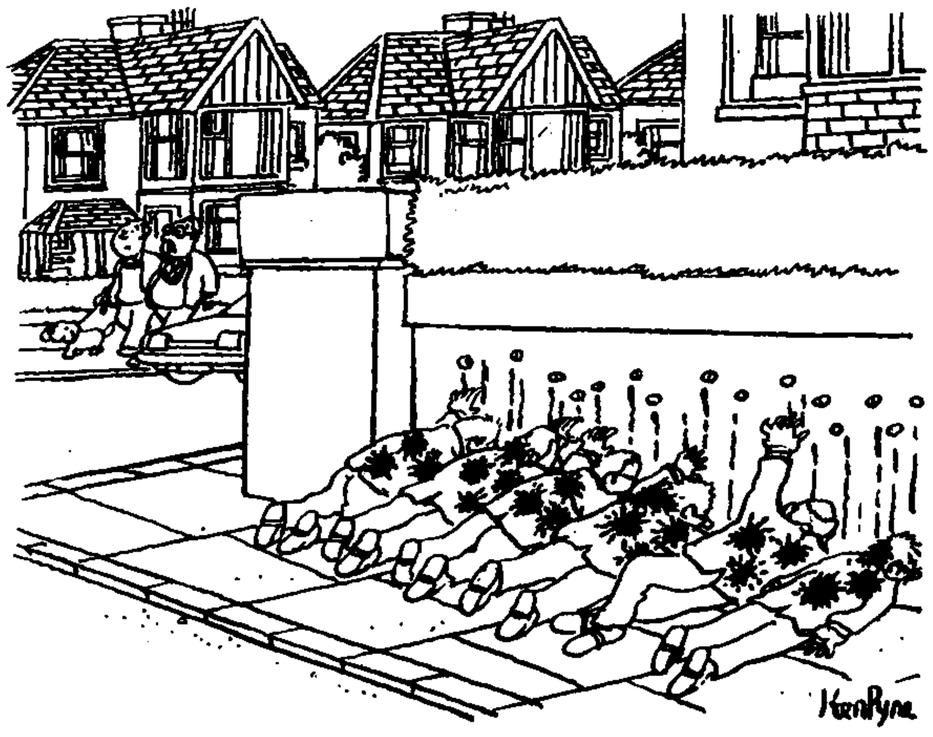
My grandfather, Colonel John Carton Ferguson, who had the guts to change his name from Private John Carton Ferguson by deed poll, was for several years one of the most distinguished estate agents in the Oundle area, and was for a time the proud owner of a substantial property, sporting one of the earliest all-weather solariums in the district. For four generations now, the Fergusons have been the proud holders of elevated commissions, and have been permitted to sport the full regalia of the senior commissionaire in the lifts at both Debenhams and the old Derry & Toms, operating, with expertise and decorum, the correct buttons for third and fifth floors for Queen Mary and Her Royal Highness Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on three separate occasions. My mother was presented at Court twice, but both times on comparatively minor charges. So let's have no more of this piffle about the Ferguson Family being in some way "nouveau riche" or "vulgar", or the Duchess and I will really get our knickers in a twist.

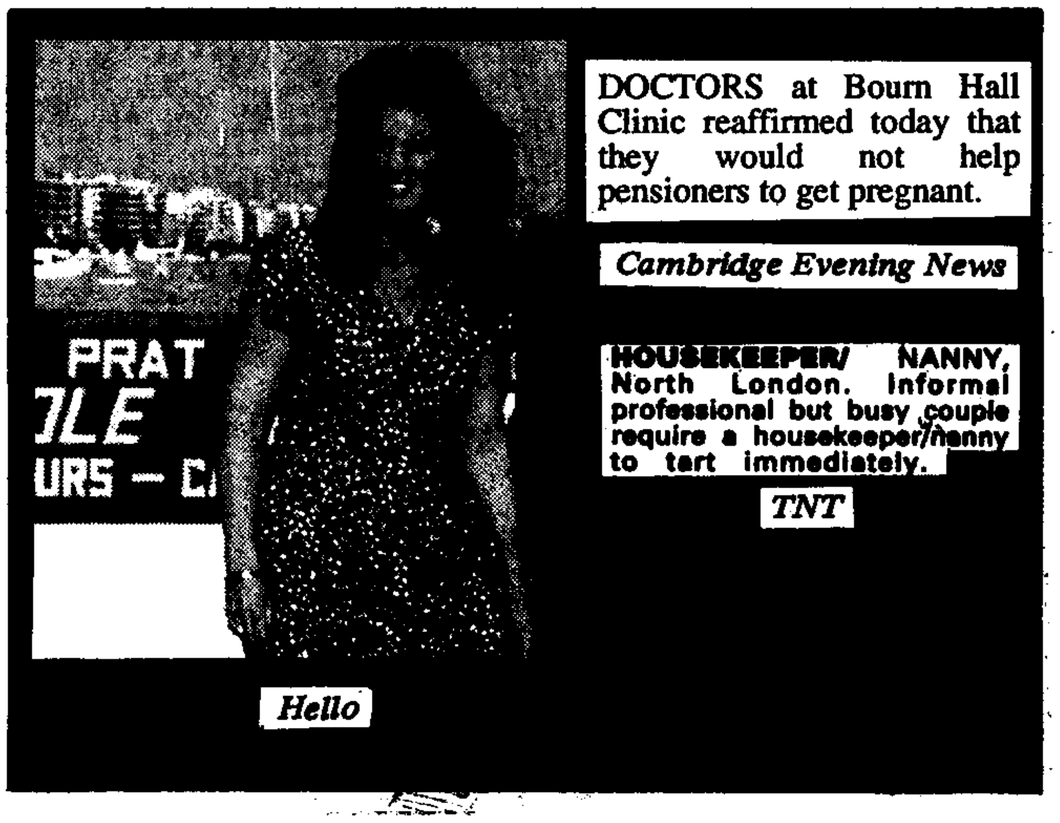
As far as public life goes, I was thrown slap bang in at the deep end. Little did I realise when my daughter Sarah accepted the hand in marriage of Prince Andrew, The Duke of York, and subsequently became the mother of Her Majesty's grandchildren — before her life was rocked by scandal and she found herself shunned by insiders and general public alike — that I was to find myself overnight becoming one of the best-loved members of the Royal Family, with offers pouring in from all sides.

I suppose the Palace was jealous of my publicity. They wanted it all for themselves. That's the only reason I can come up with to explain why they refused to treat me as an equal, with my own press office and full staff in the Palace. As it was, I was forced to handle all my own affairs. With hindsight, I suppose if I had a fault it was that I was too trusting, too approachable, too keen to think of others before sparing a thought for myself.

But it was unnecessarily spiteful of the Palace not to provide me with a decent public relations officer. How was I to know that I would meet with such vicious and unwarranted press criticism for appearing for a limited season as The Randy Major in "Down With His Drawers!" at the Astoria Theatre, Southport, and modelling leather posing-pouches for the older gentleman in the Christmas issue of the long-running *Forum* magazine?

"I hear there's been a bit of a split in the Residents' Association"





Literary Review

The retailer's tale

Lilley & Chase
Tim Waterstone
(Headline, £15.99)

IT'S a pity that we don't have proper novelists any more, but there are compensations. For example, now we know just what sort of novel people who are not novelists write.

We have had the comedian's novel; the tennis player's novel; the *Late Show* presenter's novel; the butcher's; the baker's; and the candlestick maker's. Here, finally, we have the bookseller's novel.

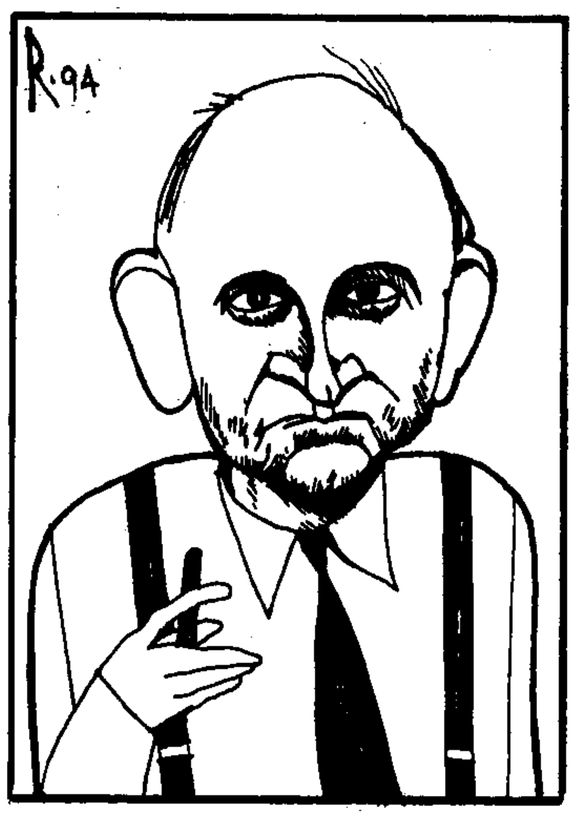
We can only thank Tim Waterstone for such public-spiritedness. "If a way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the worst," as some wise old cove once advised. Still, his announcement that this is just the first volume of a trilogy, with the rest to follow at ten month intervals, is going too far. A joke's a joke, but a girl can't go on laughing all the time.

Lilley & Chase is about the book trade, inevitably. (Lilley & Chase is the name of a fictional publisher, the teensy drawback being that since these names mean nothing to you until you've read the book, the title is not so much unmemorable as unrememberable. Try it and see.)

Equally inevitably it is all about the moilings and toilings of a middle-aged man in the book trade who builds up a company and is bought out of it, marries and get unnecessarily divorced and has a tragically troubled relationship with his offspring. You clever thing! You've got it in one again. It is about Tim Waterstone.

Unwisely he has disclosed to an interviewer that the tearful central scene when daddy has to tell his little girl he's leaving her mummy "was based on a deeply unpleasant but true experience". Even more unwisely he has proclaimed that writing about oneself so baldly is just what a man's gotta do. "In the same way that I don't wear a toupee because I don't want to hide the fact that I'm bald, I have to face up to what I'm about," he explained. In *exactly* the same way as he doesn't wear a toupee? Alas, yes, so it proves.

Lilley & Skinner consists of Waterstone blathering on about the dreadful regrets of middle-aged men about their relationships with their wives, their children, their mistresses, their work, their colleagues. Even more punishingly, there is no end of frightful religiosity, including a four-page sermon, delivered ostensibly by an elderly gay priest but, truly, we know, by T. Waterstone Esq, the pious bookseller.



Lots of novelists tend to be a bit preachy — but actually stuffing your own homily in is still pretty bold. Or bald. Naturally, it addresses the themes of the book: "And that brings me to human love. Believe in it. Treasure it. Absorb yourself in all its aspects — sexual, romantic, parental, familial, protective. Combine it with generosity and selflessness and you have the greatest thing God has given us." Goodness gracious, so that's it, eh?

"Unburdening myself has made me feel quite vulnerable," the hapless Mr Waterwell (as he waggishly calls himself in the novel) has confessed. Quite right too. Or rather, he has made himself *entirely* vulnerable because he has not transformed or even translated his feelings into any kind of fictional terms, merely plopped his male menopause down on to the page.

Really, you see, Mr Waterstone is not so much a bookish person at all as a general retailer. He spent longer working for Allied Breweries than he did building up Waterstone's before its sale to W.H. Smith. The dominant stylistic trait in *Lilley & Whatsit* turns out to be a doggy respect for the world's valuation of success. A character is said to be "generally to be thought to be amongst the best publishers of his age in London", another "one of the most successful undergraduates of his time at Cambridge", "whose success with the women of Newnham, Girton and New Hall was unmatched in his generation".

When an editor publishes a good novel it is "one of the most satisfying professional successes" he has experienced — because the *Washington Post* has described it as "one of the most distinguished works of fiction of the century". Waterstone, as his long-nurtured indignation about a mildly critical profile in the *Guardian* several years ago confirms, is pathetically obsessed with the press. Indeed he appears to have no better source of value than the gossip market. He genuinely believes that it is what he calls "The Ivy, Garrick Club, Groucho Club, Le Caprice world-of-mouth circuit" that makes all the difference.

It's worth noting one final way in which this is unmistakeably a retailer's, not a maker's, novel. Waterstone mechanically catalogues everything, page by page, in terms of its (as it were, saleable) attributes. Amusingly, it means his sentences have the same plodding structure whether he is describing a person or a building. "He was well built, if perhaps a little overweight, and had he held himself more erect might have been considered tall. His hair, curly and wiry, the chestnut brown now flecked with grey, was worn short when he could remember to have it cut." (A person.) "The mansion blocks rise four or five storeys high, and are faced in pleasant pink brick. They have good late-Victorian sash windows, wide stone entrance halls, and mature and reasonably tidy privet hedges curve round the front of each individual building." (A building.)

So that's *Lilywhites*, the bookseller's novel. Let's hope for better luck with the tinker and the tailor, eh? Not to mention the toupee-maker.

Books & Bookmen

☐ **LONGMAN, one of our oldest educational publishing companies, is not "glamorous" in the way trade books' publishing houses are.**

Thus proprietor Pearson's peremptory and inappropriate butchering of a still mighty publishing empire has not received the coverage it should have done.

Chief executive Paul Kahn, who will be falling on her sword at the end of the year, was obliged to circulate a ludicrous six-page explanation to staff called "The Pearson media strategy and Longman." The memo explained that the main Pearson board, stuffed with bankers and faceless City figures, desired Longman to become more of a "media" company — as if there weren't enough of them around already, and most of them doing badly.

One hundred other redundancies have been announced. More will follow those when the first 100 are named. Executives are now taking part in beauty parades, trying to persuade the men in suits that they are indispensable to the disparate, diminished parts of the devolved empire. In addition, 30 to 40 percent of the warehouse staff at Pinacles, Harlow, will be axed.

However, the new £21 million headquarters in Harlow (currently half built) *will* be completed, but there won't now be enough staff to occupy it.

Talking of Harlow, two nights after the surprise announcement of the carve up, an arsonist torched one of the main Longman offices there at West Gate House (proprietor: Gerald Ronson), causing considerable damage, including putting the telephones out. Happily, the fire brigade contained the blaze.

■ WHILE the radical publisher Writers and Readers Publishing Inc has been making a killing in recent years its hard-working authors appear to have remained penniless.

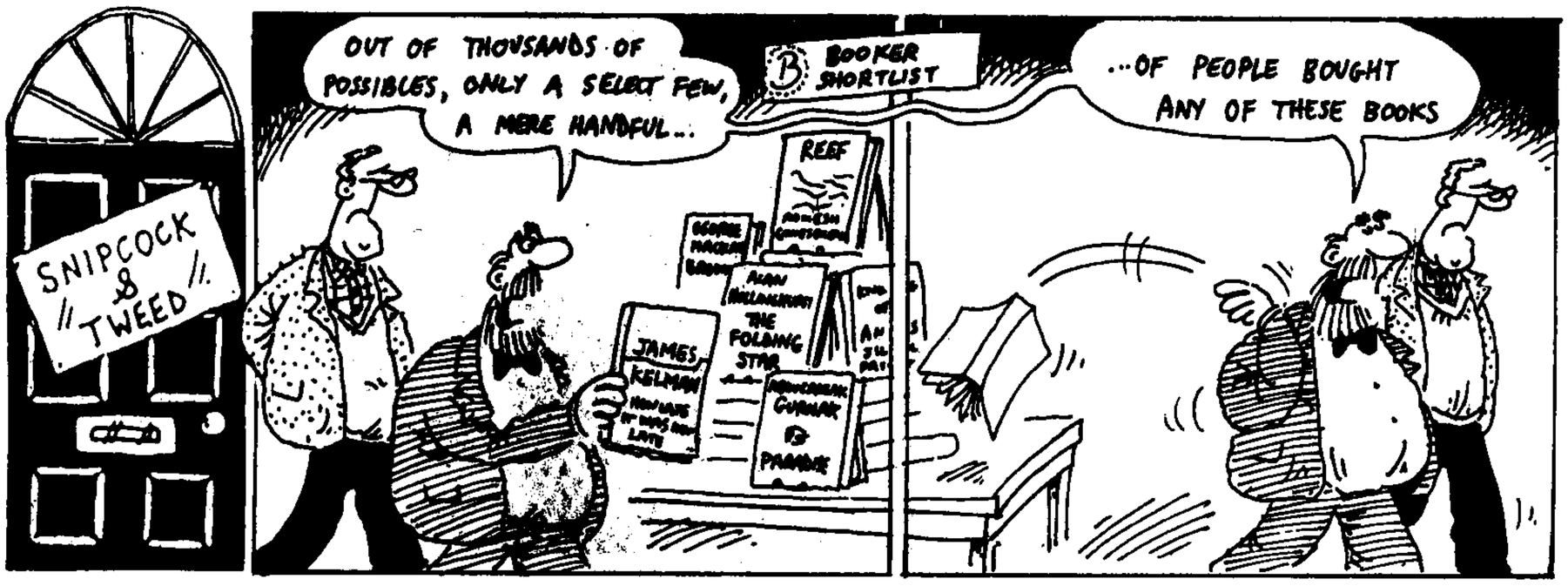
The right-on owner of the former co-op, Glenn Thomson, has mastered the art of fobbing off irate authors seeking royalties by reminding them that "we are all in the political struggle together". But after more than ten years of financial struggle 16 writers have finally taken a stand. They have obtained an "order to show cause" against the publisher to the merry tune of $5 million in punitive damages.

Spokesman for the 16 is Richard Osborne, author of *Philosophy for Beginners*. He was first alerted to the publisher's dirty deeds when a student wrote congratulating him on his book reaching the Danish bestseller list. He thought the book was only sold in Britain.

☐ POOR Jeanette Winterson has been misunderstood once again. Viking have been preparing for publication in January *Chloe Plus Olivia*, an anthology of lesbian literature from the seventeenth century to the present edited by the wittily named Lillian Faderman.

The star of the 848 page tome was to have been our Jeanette but she's understandably thrown a tantrum both because she only considered giving permission for her contribution to be included in the American edition of the book on the understanding that her dear friend Peggy Reynolds was asked to edit it. She has now insisted that her story be removed. Virginia Woolf, Gertrude Stein, Alice Walker and the other contributors will have to try to cohabit without Jeanette, described rather unfortunately by the *Telegraph* as "talented but impenetrable".

'Bookworm'



footnotes

NIGHTMARE ON WATLING STREET: 2

THE normally staid atmosphere of the crown court at Chelmsford was rudely shattered during a recent case by an unusual intervention from the judge, Old Carthusian Brian Watling.

"It's at times like these," he mused aloud, "that I would like Adolf Hitler to be in power."

The remark caused some offence to a junior barrister in court who had the temerity to report the judge to the Lord Chancellor. A spokesman for the Lord Chancellor's office confirmed the remark, but explained that there was nothing to get worked up about. In deference to the high office of Lord Chancellor, we reprint the spokesman's remarks in full:

"This was not a racist remark. On 6th June at Chelmsford crown court, there were three defendants up on a section 18 charge — I think it was wounding with intent. It was quite a serious charge anyway. One of the defendants didn't turn up because he had gone to Germany on a two-year contract, which meant that although everybody else was present in court, the third defendant wasn't there and I think the case was stood down. It was a terrible waste of money — and it was out of frustration more than anything else — frustration that the legal system could not deal with this individual for two years potentially — that the remark was made. It was an aside by the judge to himself more than anything. It wasn't directed at anyone at all.

"A barrister wrote to the Lord Chancellor complaining about it, and then the very next day he wrote another letter withdrawing his objection on the grounds that Judge Watling had spoken to him, apologised to him and explained where he was coming from: that is, the context of the remark which the judge agrees was a silly one."

A GROVELLING APOLOGY: Judge Watling

That, apparently, is the end of the matter.

PS: On 29 June, the *Eye* reported a court of appeal case in which a summing-up by Judge Watling was given an awful drubbing. The court was not impressed by the judge's description of two black brothers, the victims of a racist assault, as racist — nor by his remark that people of good character often turn out to be criminals. The convicted brothers walked free.

PPS: Judge Watling is a former visiting professor in criminal law at the private University of Buckingham.

Monte Carlo Pally

WELSH DEVELOPER: David Rowe-Beddoe

WELSH DEVELOPER: Lord McAlpine

JOHN REDWOOD, the Welsh secretary, was entirely unruffled by the row last year over the appointment as chairman of the troubled Welsh Development Agency (£35,000 a year of taxpayers' money for two days a week in the office) of David Sidney Rowe-Beddoe, whose address is 5 Avenue de Grand Bretagne, Monaco.

The new chairman's address was a private matter, Mr Redwood insisted, as was his enthusiastic chairmanship of the Monte Carlo branch of Conservatives Abroad.

However, even the unflappable Mr Redwood may be disconcerted to discover that Mr Rowe-Beddoe has recently joined the board of a vast newly-reconstituted property company whose leading light is an old friend of Mr Rowe-Beddoe, Martin Landau of Monte Carlo Palace, 3 Boulevard des Mollins, Monaco.

The company, Development Securities, owns industrial, residential and commercial property in Wales, much of which has been mortgaged to the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, owner of the Midland.

Just as a sample, it has mortgaged the whole of Bridge Street and Unit One, Church Street, Llangefni; 20 Chester St, Mold; 18 Station Road and 7 Abergele Road, Colwyn Bay; 78 High Street, Pwllheli; 105-7 High Street, Prestatyn; 7-13 and 61-63 Market Street, Holyhead; 239 High St, Bangor; 1-3 Pool Street and 17 Castle Square, Caernarvon; the whole of Back Lane, Newtown; and 50-52 High Street, Denbigh.

Development Securities started up under new management earlier this year. It was a signal of the new boom in property business which had such a bad time in the recession. Reuters has described its driving genius, Martin Landau, thus:

"He is no ordinary rent-collector and it is his expertise in property development that will make or break the company. Investors who have stumped up for the three cash-raising exercises have done so largely because they remember his success in the late 1980s when he built up City Merchant Developers, merged it with Imry, and sold out to a consortium of private investors for £314m. The subsequent collapse of the company forced Barclays, chief lender to the consortium, to make its biggest write-off of a single loan. Mr Landau meanwhile was enjoying his reported £25m share of the proceeds in the South of France."

Another director of Development Securities is Lord McAlpine, former treasurer of the Tory Party and a director of Sir Robert McAlpine and associated companies. McAlpine's has just finished "renourishing" the beach at Llanelli as part of a huge project presided over by the Welsh Development Agency, which includes a bridge over the Paddington-Fishguard main line at Llanelli.

The *Eye* asked the Welsh Development Agency whether Mr Rowe-Beddoe considered it wise to join the board of a property company where a fellow director had such close connections to the Tory party and construction contracts in Wales.

His answer came through London property solicitors, Forsyte Kerman. "He says he gave prior notification of his proposed appointment as a director of Development Securities to the Welsh Office; that if he had received any objection he wouldn't have taken up his appointment; that immediately he had been appointed his interest was cleared and noted in the register of interests maintained by the Welsh Development Agency; he says that he had never met Lord McAlpine either socially or in business before his appointment; that he's subsequently met him on very few occasions and has never had any business dealings with him or Sir Robert McAlpine; and he also says that if a conflict of interests arises he is well aware of the position and will act appropriately."

GORMAN BLIMEY

■ JOHN GORMAN, the man who had the cheek to complain to British Airways, has had yet another threatening telephone call which has been traced to British Airways, the world's favourite airline.

On September 24 a man rang with this message: "Gorman, your remarks in the media have caused immense damage to British Airways. Unless you desist from this action you will receive a further visit to remind you how you should behave."

Mr Gorman took that to be a reference to the occasion on 17 June when he was visited at home by two gentlemen who told him to stop complaining against BA, sprayed his eyes with mace, stole his tapes and notes and hurried off, still screaming abuse.

When he last saw top BA officials, Mr Gorman told them he no longer had equipment in his house to trace calls. But he has. The police confirm that call was traced to London offices of British Airways.

PS: When Martin Gregory's book on the British Airways dirty tricks campaign against Virgin came out last March, it was praised on telly by one of its protagonists, influential PR-man Brian Basham. On a Sky TV book show, Basham exuded: "Gregory's actually found out a tremendous amount that nobody knew which was kept very secret." Now Mr Basham has shown his enthusiasm for the book in an unusual way. He has issued a libel writ against it.

Breathtaking!

IAC
International Asthma Council

If you ask the World Health Organisation how to find out more about asthma, they tell you to contact the International Asthma Council at a number in Loughborough, Leics. Callers are met by the surprising greeting: "Fisons Pharmaceutical."

Fisons specialises in drugs for the treatment of asthma. It employs Mr Malcolm Cannon, who tells the *Eye* that he is the "international secretariat" of the International Asthma Council. The Council, he says, was formed in 1991, and is financed entirely by Fisons and other drug companies.

In spite of this, he insists, the IAC is "an independent group of physicians around the world". He cites the example of a prestigious asthma conference to be held in Beijing, China, later this month. Three prominent British delegates will be taking part, and their fares, hotel bills and the like will be paid by Fisons.

The *Eye* asked Mr Cannon if he was worried about a possible conflict of interest in an international organisation "to improve education and communication about asthma" which is paid for entirely by drug companies whose chief interest in asthma is to sell drugs to treat it.

He replied: "We don't get anything out of it. Being philanthropic about it, the bottom line is that if people are more educated about the disease, then it will be managed better by doctors and by patients."

The *Eye* asked: "Wouldn't you agree that the drive for Fisons being involved in such a thing is the belief that in the end the improved management of asthma will lead to a wider circulation of Fisons drugs?"

"Yes," he replied. "I suppose that would be the long-term hope for it."

Mr Cannon says the IAC agrees with the widely-held view that the increase in asthma has been caused mainly by pollution — and that one good way of preventing asthma is to prevent pollution. But the glamorous pack of bumph which promotes the IAC — introduced by a patronising quote from Alexander Pope: "Education forms the common mind" — carries very little indeed about preventing pollution and a tremendous amount about the treatment of asthma with drugs.

For instance, the *Summary of The International Consensus Report on Diagnosis and Management of Asthma* ("supported by a grant from the International Asthma Council", ie Fisons) helpfully lists some "anti-inflammatory agents".

The first of these is "nedocromil sodium". The document agrees that "clinical trials are required to establish the role of nedocromil sodium in childhood asthma", but concludes happily that "treatment with nedocromil sodium is not associated with any significant adverse effects".

The second is sodium cromoglycate. There is "insufficient knowledge", the document admits, "to predict those patients who will achieve a beneficial response". But still "sodium cromoglycate produces only minimal side effects"

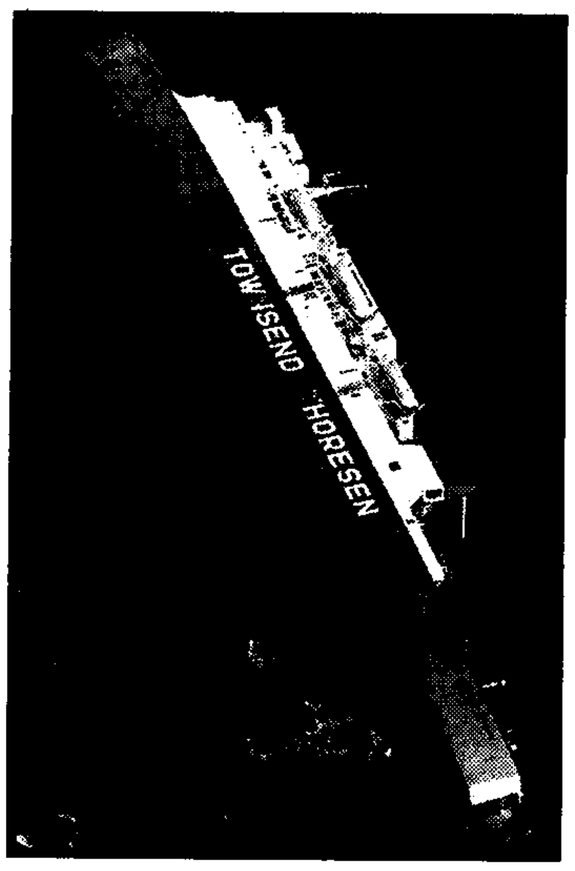
On its back page the document has two useful footnotes:

● Nedocromil sodium is manufactured by Fisons under the trademark TILADE.

● Sodium cromoglycate is manufactured by Fisons under the trademark INTAL/LOMUDAL.

The national branch office for the International Asthma Council is listed at 227-229 Chiswick High Road, London W4. This is the office of Fusion Communications — which has never heard of the IAC but is public relations consultant to Fisons.

A clear case of Ford



■ NOT CONTENT with firing off a solicitor's letter (see last *Eye*) and whining to the *Daily Telegraph* about the *Eye* (24 September), Peter Ford, the new chairman of London Transport, has put up a special notice in all the main offices of his new empire.

It is headed PRIVATE EYE REPORT – ON THE RAILWAYS, and it refers to the *Eye*'s revelations about Mr Ford's lamentable performance as chairman of the company responsible for the Zeebrugge ferry disaster in 1987.

"Some of you may have seen this report to which I take strong exception," he whinged. "It contains the usual wild allegations and inaccuracies that are the stock in trade of this particular publication, and ascribes statements to me I did not make. Lord Justice Sheen specifically commended the P&O management team on the action taken following the sinking. You may recall that we had taken control of European ferries only a short time before the tragedy occurred."

Three points were not made, however.

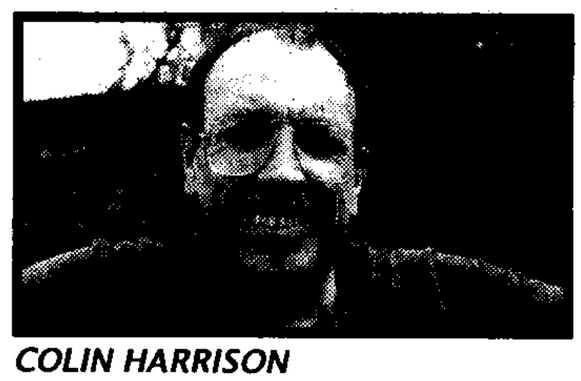
● The "statements" Ford said he didn't make were seen in the Kent police report on the tragedy — a report which resulted in Mr Ford's company being charged with corporate manslaughter, and acquitted only after the judge took the case away from the jury.

● P&O did indeed take over Townsend Thoresen, the firm which owned the stricken Herald of Free Enterprise, a short time before the disaster. A short time before that, however, Townsend Thoresen had taken over the ferry company from, er, P&O.

● Eight days into his inquiry, Mr Justice Sheen was shocked to discover that the orders for closing P&O ferries' doors were still unclear. He called on senior company staff to explain the procedures and bellowed: "There is a lack of clarity in these orders which should be dealt with. Responsible members of the company should be able to give clear and safe instructions. The whole system wants to be reviewed. The casualty occurred on 6 March and we are now eight days into this inquiry. I don't know why the company hasn't taken action already."

HARD LABOUR

■ LOTS of people are looking forward to a new Labour government which will put a stop to arrogant management, reckless sackings and the victimisation of trade unionists. Colin Harrison of Rochester in Kent is not so sure.



COLIN HARRISON

For 12 years he was a social worker for Tory-run Kent county council. A couple of years ago he took up a better job in Nottingham, hoping his family would follow him. Like so many others at the time, he couldn't sell his house. There was nothing for it but to go back to Kent and apply for his old job back.

There was at least one vacancy and a manager wanted him. Moreover, in the May elections last year the Tory monopoly in Kent was broken and a new Lib-Lab coalition took over the county. Mr John Ovenden became leader of the Labour group, and Mr Len Bishop became Labour chairman of the social services committee. Harrison remembered joining Ovenden on the platform at a union meeting four years previously, which had protested against the Tory policy of privatising community care.

He was turned down for the job. When he asked why, he was told that he didn't fit in with "the new Kent culture". He took the case to an industrial tribunal alleging anti-trade union discrimination. Peter Smallridge, director of social services, told the tribunal that Harrison was turned down because he was "opposed to our policies on care management".

The tribunal dismissed the case. Desperately, Colin Harrison appealed to his old comrade-in-arms John Ovenden. Could the new leader not stop such blatant victimisation for views both men shared? Ovenden replied. "We must insist, on the officials' freedom to engage the staff they consider best suited."

GRAND NATIONWIDE QUIZ

CLUE 1: Mr Tim Melville-Ross, well-spoken new director-general of the Institute of Directors, writes an article for *The Director* slamming golden handshakes and "excessively long fixed-term contracts" for short-serving executives.

CLUE 2: In 1992, the chief executive of the Nationwide Building Society agreed a golden handshake of a quarter of a million pounds for one John Hutchison, a Nationwide director of less than two years' standing

QUESTION: Can you name the Nationwide chief executive?

ANSWER: Mr Tim Melville-Ross (photographed).

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

In the City

WHILE Tories worry and wonder whether even the rhino-hided Lord Archer will dare face the party conference when he has refused to explain the overwhelming circumstantial evidence of insider dealing against him, the Archer furore has distracted attention from the irresistible conclusion that there was much more than one leak of the MAI bid for Anglia TV.

Evidence from the trading pattern in Anglia shares in the two weeks before the bid shows the classic signs of inspired buying coincidental with key meetings on the takeover. Buying that could have netted profits of £750,000.

Market and newspaper speculation about a bid, possibly from MAI, had been current for several weeks. The shares rose and then fell during December but began to rise again immediately after the new year, moving up to 433p on Tuesday 4 January. The next day the Anglia board met to consider a possible MAI offer for the first time. It was decided that the bid talks should continue. Within two days the Anglia price had reached 472p on increasing daily share volume which almost doubled to 100,000 and then, on Friday, 7 January, more than doubled again to over 200,000.

The next week as negotiations with MAI accelerated the price continued to creep upwards although on much smaller turnover. Only on one day (Monday 10 January) did turnover exceed 100,000 shares. By close of business on Wednesday 12 January, the day the Anglia directors met again to be told the deal was almost done, the price had reached 482p. That evening and the following morning Anglia directors, including Lady Archer, were summoned to the Sunday board meeting to ratify the bid at a price of 653p.

On Thursday 13 January, the day Archer reached out for Simon Wharmby at brokers Charles Stanley with an order to buy 25,000 shares in the name of his friend Broosk Saib, turnover in Anglia shares took off. There were 27 transactions totalling 434,000 shares indicating possible purchases of more than 200,000 shares. Surprisingly this surge did little to the Anglia price, which closed only slightly higher at 485p. But then the deals were on average small parcels of 5,000 to 10,000. So Archer must have been one of the biggest, if not the biggest, buyers on the day.

Business on Friday 14 January was much smaller with only 85,000 shares changing hands. On this occasion Archer's second purchase of 25,000 represented more than half the turnover. The shares were unmoved at 485p. But they had now risen 12 percent in just nine days. The bid was announced on Tuesday 18 January, and the price rocketed to 664p giving Archer/Saib and the other lucky investors who had bought during January a juicy profit.

As we still do not know what (if anything) Archer told Saib about the attractions of Anglia shares, or when he told him, it is not possible to know with who else the great storyteller or his Kurdish pal may have shared this good thing. Similarly we do not know whether market operators somewhat smarter than Simon Wharmby were able to spot the Archer deal and make the connection with the fragrant Mary and the Anglia board as a word to the would-be rich.

What is certain is that individuals close to the Anglia bid knew that it was going down and dealt accordingly. How otherwise to explain the disproportionate jumps in buying activity in the two days after the 5 January board meeting and particularly after the crucial 12 January meet?

Once again it looks like one or more of the City's insider dealing rings was at work, aided no doubt by some "piggy backing" on the part of market professionals. It is interesting that there was not the traditional screams of pain from market makers caught "short" by the MAI bid. They were presumably "long" of Anglia and so made a large book profit on the bid.

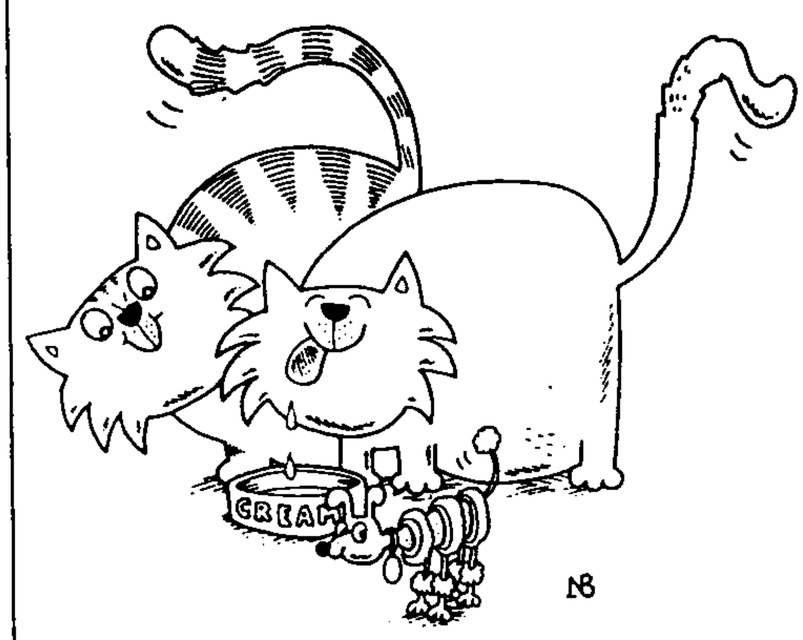
The Stock Exchange would seem to have failed to identify any suspect deals other than Archer's. But then through the usual devices of offshore accounts or putting deals through unconnected parties who can point to the welter of press speculation on a MAI/Anglia bid, it would be difficult to prove anything. Only someone as naive as Archer would get caught. Equally only someone with Archer's political clout and wealth would not be prosecuted, given the evidence against him, because of the Department of Timidity & Inaction's fear of losing.

THE SAUNDERS verdict no doubt read very well in Northern Cyprus to that other 80s icon Asil Nadir. Alas for Asil he seems to lack funds to finance his threatened legal counter-attack and so no moves have so far been made to seek a judicial review of his fraud case — the initial move before he can jump to Strasbourg and cry "unfair".

Meanwhile following her return to London, his "scout" Elizabeth Forsyth has been undergoing extensive questioning by the SFO about her life and times with Nadir. A decision is expected shortly on whether to charge her and, if so, with what. Forsyth tells friends the SFO will not proceed against her for fear of compromising its case against Nadir. Other sources suggest a case can and will be brought against Forsyth independent of any theoretical Nadir prosecution.

Taking no action against Forsyth might encourage Nadir to return and take his chances. But that factor may not be sufficient for the SFO to counter the embarrassment of being faced down by Nadir's surrogate.

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes



Hey diddle diddle
Fat cats on the fiddle.
Hey diddle doodle
The watchdog's a poodle.

THE OUTBURST of sympathy for Ernest "Alzheimer" Saunders inspired by the European Commission of Human Rights' ruling that the former Guinness chairman did not have a fair trial illustrates a disturbing ignorance about why suspect suits lost their right to silence and why such powers are needed if the public are to be protected and corporate criminals prosecuted.

Fraud is a unique crime. It is not like murder, robbery, rape or terrorism. From the moment fraud is discovered it is clear who the suspects are. There is no need for manhunts, photo-fits, identity parades or forensic tests — all the elements of the miscarriages of justice which have undermined the British legal system in the past decade. The answer is always clear. The director or partners and their advisers did it. The question is how to prove it given the complexities and loopholes in company law and City practice, which always provide the guilty suit's best if not only defence.

But how do you find out what has happened if those who know most, those legally responsible for the company which has collapsed or otherwise defrauded creditors or shareholders, can refuse to say anything? That was the problem which thwarted any number of company investigations in the 70s and 80s and resulted in the powers given to DTI inspectors, insolvency investigators, City regulators and finally the Serious Farce Office.

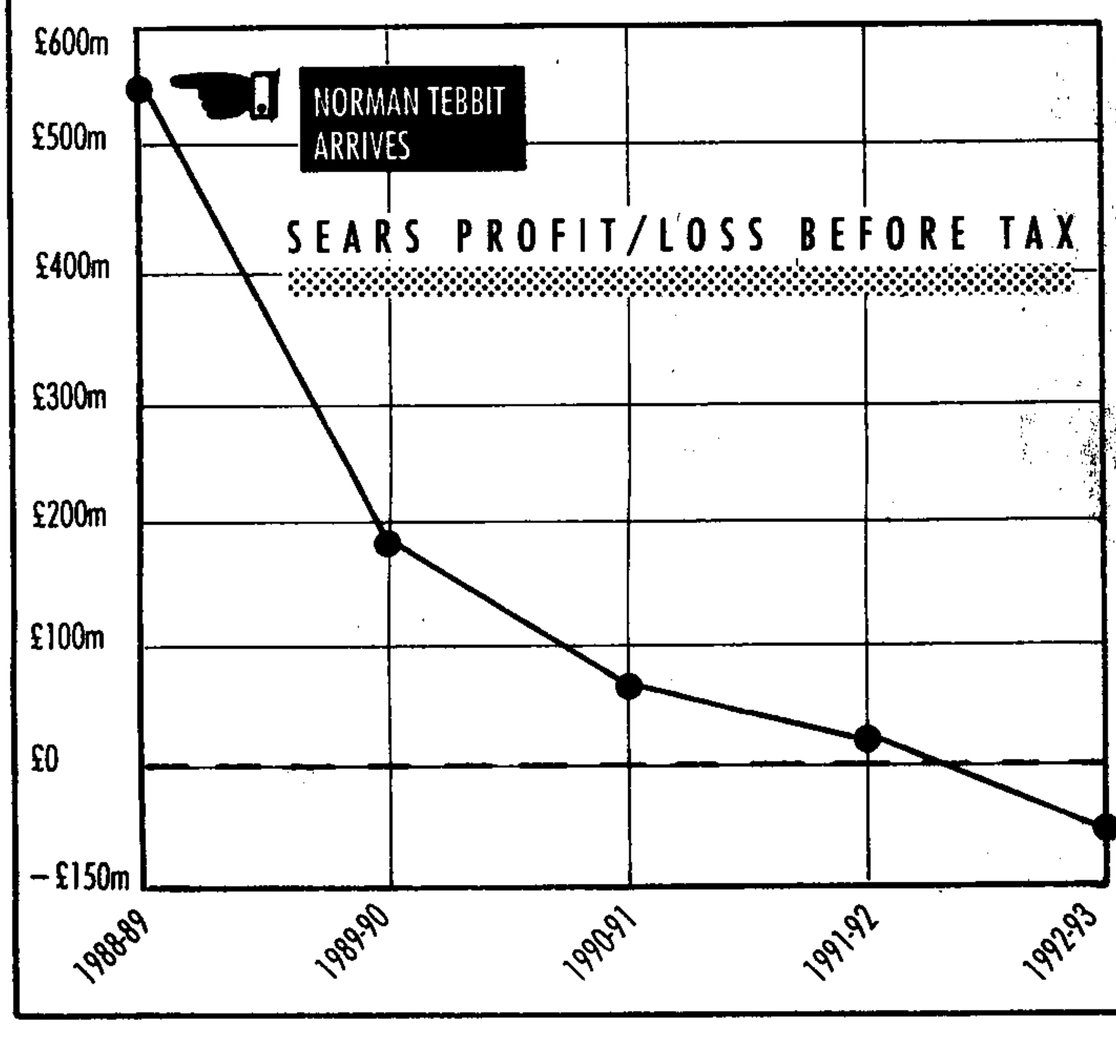
The aim, supported by parliament, was for investigators to obtain the truth about what happened inside a company from those who made it happen. The alternative, given the difficulty of accessing the facts by other means, was to allow the truth to be hidden. But that of course is the very complaint of men like Saunders. It is the truth they are afraid of, in particular if, as in Saunders' case, there seemed to be varying versions of the truth, some more helpful than others, some fine for the jury to hear and others not. A Saunders claim for compensation might finally produce the DTI inspectors report on Guinness allowing everyone finally to see the whole picture, a picture unlikely to flatter Saunders as the victim of injustice.

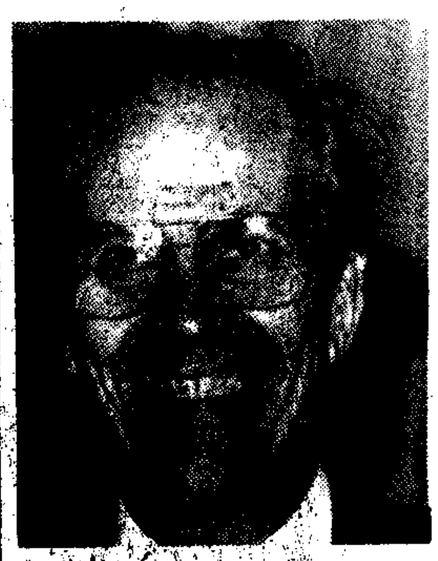
If either the power to compel answers is to be removed or made unavailable in criminal prosecutions in the wake of the expected European Court of Human Rights ruling, the fight against fraud in the 90s will need other weapons if bad men are not to prosper. As in the United States, where the constitutional right against self-incrimination rules, there would need to be a clearly defined policy of plea bargains to persuade little and big crooks to give up bigger crooks, and there would need to be an end to trial by ambush whereby defendants can refuse to even outline their defence. Another alternative would be the Italian method which has proved remarkably successful — custody until confession.

It would be sad but not surprising if Saunders, an archetypal 80s City suit who blamed everyone else for his own hubris and, because he could do the crime but not the time, conned the court of appeal into cutting his sentence, was responsible for enabling a new generation of power and greed crazed psychopathic crooks to rape and pillage with impunity.

'Slicker'

British Management Part 3. NORMAN TEBBIT, Director Sears, former industry secretary





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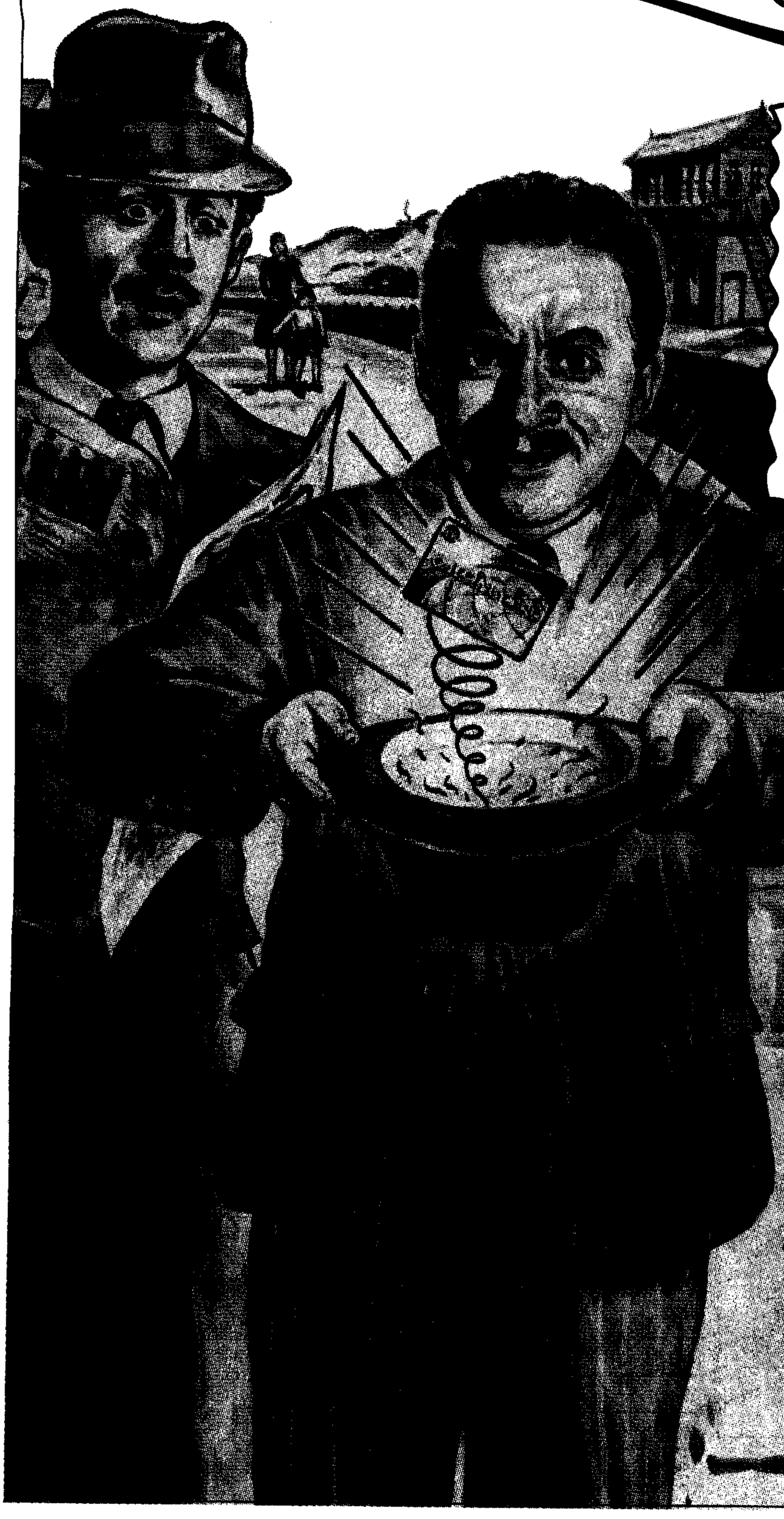

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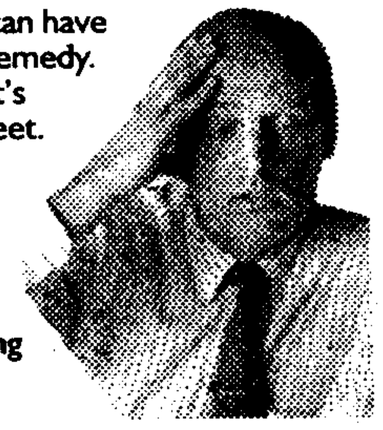

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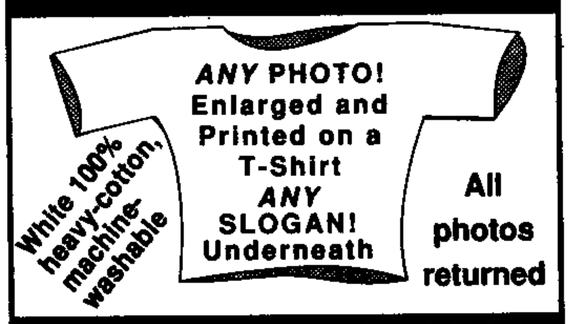

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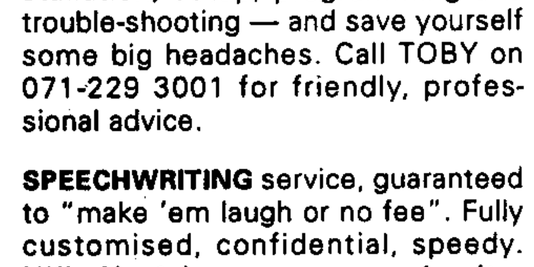

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CONTENTEDLY MARRIED but missing hurly burly of chaise-longue, attractive forties woman wants dalliance in afternoon. Box 2755.

SHOE/FOOT fetish seeks erotic lady for unhurried fantasy exploration/fulfilment. I'm single, educated, 30s, broadminded, discreet. Photo (returnable) helps, long (scented) letter written wearing (only) silk stockings preferable. Box 3552.

GARDENER SEEKS Lady Chatterley. Box 2156.

CONCERT SINGER, 25, male, seeks fit, stylish female soulmate, 22-42, preferably creative/performing arts/media. Virtuoso string players especially welcome. You should be as comfortable sweating on the dance floor as climbing up Mount Zas playing Sibelius violin concerto. Photo essential. Box 2256.

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, 49, tall, slim, good education and appearance, seeks lady (any nationality) for friendship, possible marriage. Box 2356.

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY! Attractive, intelligent, sensual lady, 41, caring and outgoing, seeks someone very special to share love, laughter and life. Box 2456.

USUAL REASONS — no pretence. Married professional man (40) — considerate, supportive, witty and not bad looking seeks intelligent woman for discreet daytime London liaisons. Box 2556.

PASSIONATE MALE, attractive, own business, mid 40s, in lifeless marriage, seeks woman in similar situation in need of TLC and excitement. Absolute discretion assured and expected. Box 2656.

VERY ENTERTAINING, creative, seriously educated, late 30s male, tall, well-off and good-looking is on the verge of climbing trees to find an early 30s female with genuinely similar attributes. And the "oomph", like me, to bother with an ad. Box 2756.

BRUMMIE WITH lipstick seeks Geordie with dipstick. Box 3655.

MAN, ONCE HIGH FLYING, now low flying graphic designer, 53, 5'6", wants new homely life with unassuming vaguely greenish warm woman. Ex Londoner in Avon but replies from anywhere please. Box 3155.

SINCERITY, INTEGRITY, honesty, sensitivity, friendship, wilderness adventure. Thoughts and feelings to share. Male 31 seeks similar female. Box 3255.

STAFFORDSHIRE SCIENCE graduate, 31, masculine, shy, attractive, single, good sense of humour, widely read, likes a drink, seeks intelligent, shy, sexy female for sharing new experiences. Box 3355.

AS SUMMER GLIDES to a close this tall, amusing, attractive, sensuous late thirties Bath man seeks a fun loving woman to thoroughly spoil. Let's cuddle each other in front of a log fire and have some delicious enjoyable times this Autumn. Please write to me with your telephone number to Box 3455.

INDEPENDENT BUT Guardian-reading man, 49, graduate, professional, well read, well travelled, well preserved, seeks intelligent, sensual woman for liaison, discreet or otherwise. London. Box 3555.

26 YEAR OLD expat businessman attractive and friendly, seeks female companion for visits here. I enjoy skiing, walking my dogs, cooking and travel. Will pay for air fare for meeting or meet anywhere in Europe. Box 2856.

POSITIVE, HAPPY, single male, slim, 6ft, thirties, seeks female graduate 25-35 for lively and gentle times. Box 2956.

AMAZINGLY IMPORTANT — three gorgeous but disappointed men in their late 30s, independently seek 3 attractive/fun-loving, unattached ladies who are in their 20s, beautiful, sensual, accommodating, uncomplicated, with a great sense of humour and a desire for the exotic. Interested in an adventure in the Caribbean on a private yacht. Final interview over dinner at Annabels. Pictures necessary. No psychos. Box 3056.

GENT SEEKS LADY for eternal happiness. Tall, good looking, good humoured, very young 42. Enjoys town/country life. Seeks you, yes you! Are you feminine, attractive, sensual, 25-32? Nubile? Photo appreciated? London/East Anglia. Box 7155.

INSANITY LEVELS falling. Female graduate, 27, currently in (former East) Germany, needs correspondence urgently. Box 4255.

STYLISH BRUNETTE, young 44, with wide interests seeks well-to-do man of good background for a mannered, passionate and fun relationship. No husbands/pre-war babies! London NW8. Box 6355.

HANDSOME, PROFESSIONAL male, 45, tied but not tamed, seeks broad-minded female with wit, style and libido for discreet mutual pleasure in North Yorkshire and London/SE. Box 6455.

Our apologies! There is sometimes a slight delay before your Eye Love ad can be published due to the enormous demand of these exclusive, funny, highly successful and popular ads.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 44, warm, considerate, in sterile marriage, seeks discreet female friendship, perhaps more. Norfolk, Suffolk. Box 4355.

CLASSICAL PIANIST, fun loving elegant brunette, 47, enjoys arts, sailing, hiking, exotic food, seeks male soulmate. Box 4455.

WARM, WITTY, attractive, affectionate, independent, intelligent 40s woman seeking articulate, cultured, unattached man of substance, 34-55, for dinner dates, concerts and much more. London area. Box 4555.

DIVERSE WOMAN, 50s, seeks renaissance man, unattached, with whom to laugh, converse, and enjoy culture or country. Box 4655.

I'M 38, SINGLE (always have been), no kids. I teach, read and listen to music. I'm seeking a sexy, intelligent lady to show me more of life. Box 4755.

NEGRO MALE, 31 and approaching puberty, living steadfastly to stereotypes. You: Sun reader?? and annual carnival voyeur. Analysts, psychiatrists need not apply. ALA, snaps in returned. London. Box 4855.

JOSEPH CONRAD — Chinese novelist, young, professional, seeking female friendship. Age 18 to 100. Photo perhaps. Box 4955.

UNPRETENTIOUS MALE, 26, seeks shortish friendly female for laughs in London. Box 5055.

ATTRACTIVE, WEALTHY 38 year old company director, extremely fit, skiing fanatic, seeks attractive female to join fantastic trips to French Alps during ski season, also for exciting fun times in UK. 0494 473535.

"WELL HEELED" seeks high heeled for lunching and afternoon delight, Ascot area. Box 5555.

WHERE IS THAT educated, healthy, solvent male who loves skiing, water sports and the arts as much as I do — attractive 53 yrs old London female is still searching for that stimulating relationship. Box 5655.

BUSINESSMAN 40ISH non-smoker, single seeks discreet attractive lady for long term relationship. Photo, phone no. appreciated. Can travel. Box 5755.

COUNTRY LADY, lithe and long haired, sought by personable, athletic gent, 41, with many interests — cultural and sporting — in secure but sterile marriage, for fun friendship. Discretion assured, photo appreciated. Hants/Wilts/Dorset/Somerset area. Box 5155.

WIDOWER (68), TALL, professional, energetic, wishes to meet slim, shapely, cultivated lady for lasting companionship. London/Home Counties. Photo and telephone requested. Box 5255.

TALL STYLISH erotic lady, 53, neglected by workaholic sow's ear seeks discreet romantic friendship, n/s male silk purse here or abroad. Photograph essential. Box 5355.

THE ATTRACTION of opposites — I'm insignificant, not very attractive, female and not very rich — you are all the opposite. 50+, no upper limit. Box 5455.

EXPAT, WHITE British male, 43, marooned in Africa but regular UK visits; solvent, professional, 5'8", never married, well-travelled, likes sport, classical music, books. Seeks good-looking stimulating bon viveuse for possible permanence. Box 2255.

J, MY EROTIC PENFRIEND,
no reply from your Box No.
I have new permanent address.
L still delightful. W still on?
R. Box 5652.

EROTIC PENFRIEND? Male 41 seeks interesting fellow scribe. Box 3955.

FEMALE SOULMATE needed — I'm tall, educated, solvent, single and 29. Yorkshire area-ish. Photo please. Box 1656.

VERY ATTRACTIVE N/S 32 year old female with own brain seeks the "right trousers". Wallaces need not apply. SE area. Box 1756.

ORIGINAL MALE, 37, with lots of interests, looking for intelligent, sensual, stimulating, attractive, fit & lively female to share all sorts with. Midlands-ish. Box 1856.

VERY GOOD-LOOKING GUY (apparently), 43, slim, divorced, intelligent, amusing, faithful and sensuous (certainly), seeks attractive, curvaceous, witty lady (hopefully) for serious and fun relationship (definitely). Photo, please. Box 1956.

SINGLE BUSINESSMAN, 34, shy, slim, attractive, seeks full-bodied lady 25-65 for romantic adventures. Norfolk/Anywhere. Box 2056.

EYE SOLDIER

NAVAL OFFICER, 26, arts graduate set adrift alone requires rescuing by gorgeous young female. Box 3156.

FUTURE FIELD MARSHAL currently captain, 26, seeks future Mrs Field Marshal currently 20-26. Photo essential. Marriage isn't. Box 7355.

ANY OFFICER (m) in need of a "trot" to the post box, huge SOH, over 30? Box 7455.

PUT ME ON YOUR Christmas card list. Army captain, helping achieve world peace abroad, needs letters from attractive females. "Just do it." Box 7555.

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6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG

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YOU CAN **DICTATE YOUR AD WITH CREDIT CARD: 071 734 6887**

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Your advertisement appears in Private Eye together with your own Opening Lines Telephone number.

Readers see your ad, dial your number and listen to your recorded greeting. If they like what they hear, they can record a message for you, there and then, which you and only you, can listen to later.

If you want your own Opening Lines number, simply write out a short advertisement (up to 20 words), then call our operators on 081 466 4048 and dictate it to them. Remember to have your Access or Visa card details handy.

If you simply want to reply to an advertiser, just dial the telephone number shown in your chosen advertisement and leave your details after the tone.

For a full explanation of the service, just dial 0839 512 333.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL GUY, 34, leftish, artistic, tall, fit. Seeks slender, stylish, caring, like minded female, 24 to 34, for meeting of souls. Ring 0660 204370

PRETTY, PETITE, SENSITIVE woman, 34, interests include classical music, films, fitness, food, seeks man with gsoh, age 32-38, for caring relationship. Ring 0660 204419

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, 26, seeking relationship with handsome, sensitive, caring male. Would especially like to hear from English, American, Canadian, Australian and New Zealand countrymen. Ring 0660 204396

WHY DO PSYCHOTIC WOMEN always choose me? Successful, attractive TV producer, with a great sense of humour, seeks a woman to share his life with. Ring 0660 204366

ALLURING ARTICULATE adventuress, with appetite for life, seeks artful admirer (35-45) for amusing association. He must be similarly tasty, tall, travelled, talkative, tender. Ring 0660 204385

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our new Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past, present and even future male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0660 204222

THE SEARCH FOR A WOMAN might just be over. If you would like to listen to a selection of past, present and even future Opening Lines female advertisers, then why not try our Library Line Service. Just ring this number. Ring 0660 204333

EXCITING, GOOD LOOKING 45 yr old man, financially together, looking for great looking female, 25-30, with secret smile and deep chuckle. Ring 0660 204276

ATTRACTIVE, PASSIONATE, curvaceous, professional, intelligent female, gsoh, seeks geninue, very attractive, professional male, 40s, for a special committed passionate relationship. Ring 0660 204291

VERY FEMALE, OXFORD graduate, 44, n/s, unconventional, with humour, imagination and abundant affection, fully alive, seeks thinking man to make her tingle. Ring 0660 204248

HEY! Whats an attractive 29 year old, tall, slim intelligent, solvent male like me doing advertising for a fun loving female companion, with gsoh, in here? Ring 0660 204270

ATTRACTIVE, ARTICULATE, warm, West Country scribe (charisma in moth balls) seeks strong, tender, well-built-but-trim, practical, 6ft+, 50ish, unfettered n/s male graduate of integrity/means, for love/motorhome sabbatical. Ring 0660 204218

BUSINESS LADY, 39, travels UK/overseas, seeks a loving but uncomplicated relationship with a similar hard working professional guy. Age, looks unimportant, or nationality, but kind heart, status, a must. Ring 0660 204477

THINKING WOMAN'S Richard Gere, 28, seeks stunning ex tomboy, Cheshire, for evenings of poetry, Earl Grey and perspiration. Ring 0660 205692

ATTRACTIVE, INTERNATIONAL businessman, seeks good looking, fun loving female, 18-35, for travel, fun and intimate friendship. Ring 0660 205564

TALL BLONDE LADY, good looking and intelligent, 30, seeks solvent, genuine, romantic gentleman for marriage/children. London/Herts. Genuine replies, age immaterial. Ring 0660 207106

JOLLY DECENT CHAP, dynamic, successful, gregarious, mid 40s. You are gorgeous, fun and also can't believe you're doing this. Herts/Beds/Cambs. Ring 0660 204616

AIR HOSTESS WITH BRAINS and beauty, 23, London based, tired of deep meaningful relationships with average wannabes, seeks refined successful gent who appreciates the finer things in life. Ring 0660 206602

FIT, ATTRACTIVE, GRADUATE male, 29, seeks similar female for Autumn leaves, conker fights, chestnuts, log fires and other seasonal indiscretions. Ring 0660 204435

FEMALE, GRADUATE, 42, successful, demanding career, based in Thames Valley. Hobbies theatre, opera, good conversation, n/s, looking for companionship, preferably somebody unattached. Ring 0660 205622

ATTRACTIVE MAN, 28, seeks slim, attractive, elegant, well dressed lady with intelligence and gsoh (Sloane Ranger?), 24-34, for friendship. Ring 0660 204429

DYNAMIC, PRETTY, professional communicator, intelligent, slim, 39, (looks 29). Own business. Seeks single, solvent, creative, caring prince with jazz in his soul. Midlands/near. Ring 0660 204741

SINCERE AND KIND, 40 years young, fashionable, well travelled blonde, seeking unattached gent, similar age, for friendship/relationship. Call to hear more about me. Lancs. Ring 0660 204420

Opening Lines advertisements cost £35 for 20 words.
To place you own advertisement call -
081 466 4048
and our operators will take your advertisement, any time day or night.
Calls are charged at 39p per minute cheap rate and 49p per minute at all other times.
Paravox Ltd PO Box 230, Walton on Thames, KT12 1YX

I'LL WIND UP A MATE FOR YOU
CALL ME ON **0336 426 381**
For the best laugh in windups call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - then wait for the reaction.

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0336 426382
YOU OWE THE TAX INSPECTOR
0336 426383
IRATE DELIVERY DRIVER
0336 426384
LOVERS AFFAIR EXPOSÉ
0336 426385
Joke Lines, PO Box 43, Warminster Wilts BA12 7RU
Calls charged at 39p/min cheap rate, 49p/min other times

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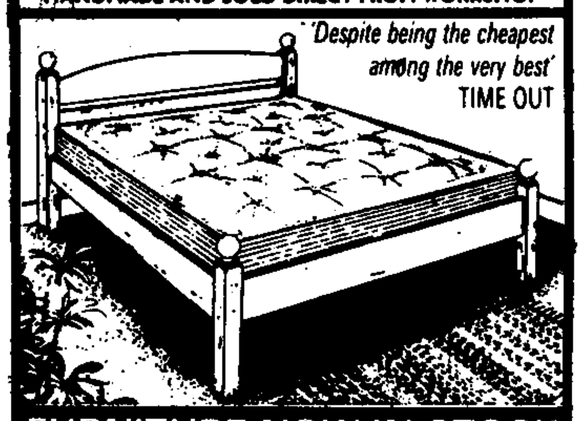

'Despite being the cheapest among the very best' TIME OUT

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242 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6
OPEN SEVEN DAYS
FREE BROCHURE 071-624 3024

Which UNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

SKYROS Unspoilt. Remote. Lovely beaches.
ASTYPALEA Spectacular white hill-top town in an azure setting. Totally undiscovered.
LEROS Lovely rolling green hills. Unspoilt. Quiet coves and beaches. An island to explore.
NISSYROS Flowers. Amazing lush vegetation surrounds a still smouldering volcano.
SPETSES Pine clad secluded bays, varied watersports, azure seas, lively nightlife.
TILOS Remote, tranquil, serene beauty.
LIPSI Sandy coves, gentle hills and far from the madding crowds with a very Greek lifestyle.
SKOPELOS Stunning verdant scenery. Good beaches. Traditional. Friendly tavernas, local nightlife.
HALKI Magical, charming, unspoilt. Friendly
ALONISSOS Idyllic harbourside setting. Quiet.
KALYMNOS The Sponge Fishers island. Sheltered sandy bays. Friendly and very Greek.
SYMI Undiscovered, unspoilt, unbelievably beautiful .... for lovers. Traditional island houses.

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It's all in our amazingly honest brochure
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CAA ATOL 1424
LASKARINA Holidays ABTO
The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece

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Cartoons that have appeared in *Private Eye* may be purchased directly from the artists. Write to them by name — where decipherable — at *Private Eye*, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1.

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Please charge ACCESS VISA Card expires: ___ / ___
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Test to find your Perfect Partner

If you want to meet the partner of your dreams why not take part in our new campaign. Whether you are young or old you could find the person you have been looking for amongst many thousands of our members throughout the country, all seeking their special partner.

A friend who is always there for you! Someone who understands you. A partner who loves you and accepts you as you are.

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Simply complete this questionnaire and send it to us today! Or call us on

071 938 1011

You will receive in the strictest confidence, entirely free of charge and with no obligation:

1. The name and brief description of someone who could be your perfect partner.
2. Our colour brochure with lots of information about seeking a partner and meeting people.
3. A copy of our paperback *"All You Need Is Love"* (R.R.P. £3.99)

Take Part Today!

Complete this questionnaire and return it to us today, or better still, call us now. You will receive by return, entirely free of charge and without obligation, a description of someone who could be your ideal partner. Take a step towards happiness. Try it! It's worth it - you'll see!

PLEASE ENCLOSE 3 FIRST CLASS STAMPS

Please complete in block capitals

1. Mr ❒ Mrs ❒ Ms ❒

Surname:_____

First Name:_____

Address:_____

_____

_____ Post Code:_____

Tel No._____

I am seriously interested in meeting someone through Dateline.

2. Personal Information

Marital Status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Religion:_____

Age:_____

Place of Birth:_____

Do you have children of your own?

Yes ❒ No ❒

If yes, how many live with you?_____

3. Your personal details

Height:_____

Build: slight ❒ medium ❒ large ❒

Hair colour:_____

Dress/Looks: casual ❒ fashionable ❒ elegant ❒ sporty ❒

4. Your work

Present job:_____

Self-employed ❒ employed ❒

civil servant ❒ manual worker ❒

part-time ❒ not working ❒

unemployed ❒ in-training ❒

Schooling

O levels / GCSE's ❒ A levels ❒

Further Education ❒ Polytechnic ❒

University ❒ Business School ❒

Other:_____

5. Your Personality

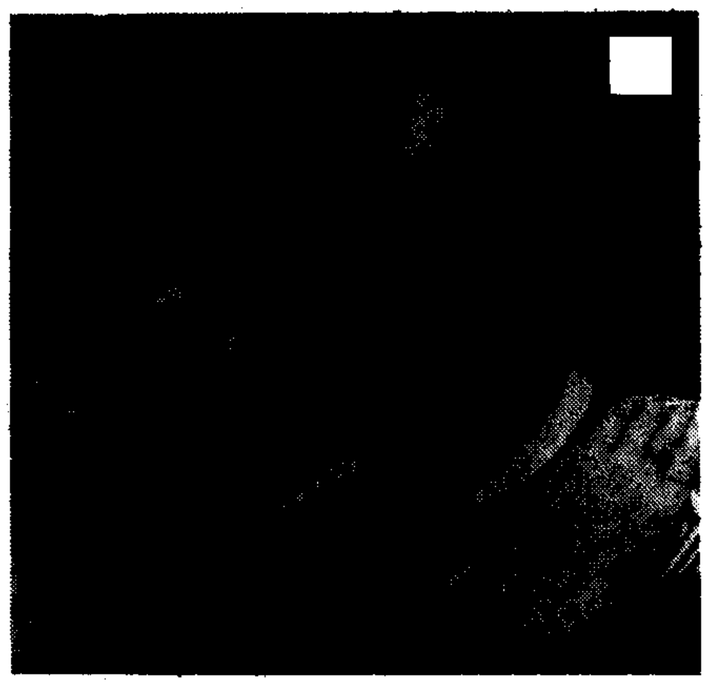
❒ Warmhearted	❒ Fashionable
❒ Serious	❒ Practical
❒ Considerate	❒ Conventional
❒ Shy	❒ Reliable
❒ Romantic	❒ Adventurous

6. How would people who know you best describe you?

❒ always ready for a joke
❒ somewhat dreamy
❒ never has problems
❒ takes life a bit too seriously
❒ not easily upset
❒ always active
❒ chatty

7. Your interests

❒ Wining/Dining	❒ Jazz/Folk music
❒ Pubs	❒ Classical music
❒ Sports/Keep fit	❒ Theatre/Arts
❒ Politics/History	❒ Watching TV
❒ Reading	❒ Smoking
❒ Travelling	❒ Drinking
❒ Science/Tech	❒ Children
❒ Cinema	❒ Homemaking
❒ Pets/Animals	❒ Gardening
❒ Pop music	❒ Countryside



8. Details of the partner you would like:

Minimum age:___ Maximum age:_____

Height: min._____ max.____ Don't mind ❒

Children?

Yes, at home ❒ Yes, living elsewhere ❒

None ❒

Marital status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Don't mind ❒

9. Which of the three pictures do you prefer? (tick the box)

Dept. PE 35

Please answer the questions above, cut out this page and send it to us at Dateline 23 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AL, or phone us now on 071 938 1011

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